

The Sketch

No. 826.—Vol. LXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



"'ERE, BILL! I CAN SEE 'ER FEET!"

Despite the many efforts made by managers, and by those unfortunate enough to sit behind the creations at the theatre, matinée hats are still very much in evidence; indeed, they seem to grow in size day by day.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER: ORDER IT NOW.

The Christmas Number of "The Sketch," which we ourselves believe to be the best that has yet been produced, will be on sale on Monday next, Nov. 30th, and those who wish to secure copies should order them at once, lest they be disappointed. Various new and attractive features will be found in the issue, a splendid Coloured Plate is given with it, and many pages in colour figure in it, together with stories by famous authors and seasonable pictures by famous artists. The price is One Shilling, as usual.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

An Impulsive Pilgrimage.

One does not usually make a pilgrimage on impulse. One dwells on the thought, perhaps with something of sadness in one's meditation, for a week, or a month, or a year. One's self-respect may increase as the preparations for departure are slowly advanced, but it is a moody, sinister sort of self-respect, with no spark of exhilaration in it. An impulsive pilgrimage is quite another thing. One makes it because one's heart is in it. The fascination of the shrine to be honoured is irresistible. Nor does the glow of enthusiasm grow less vivid as the journey draws to its end. On the contrary, it attains the fierce heat of triumphant exultation. . . . All this I know because I have just been making an impulsive pilgrimage. The notion seized me shortly after lunch. (You may save your jest: I had lunched with my customary moderation.) I happened to pick up a daily paper, and my eye lighted on a half-column article of intense interest. On that very evening, in a country town about one hundred and thirty miles from London, there was to be given, in honour of the great novelist whose name everyone associates with that town, a dramatic version of one of his most entrancing works. Why, I thought to myself, should I not be there? If there was an available train—oh, the prose of it!—I would be there!

A Pretty Study in Contrasts.

There *was* an available train. It left London at ten minutes past four. The hour was then about three. I had time, not only to pack a bag and wire for a seat, but to make some attempt at beating up journey-companions. I happened to know that two particular friends of mine were lunching hard by. (Bear with me for a moment while I describe them for you. One is a man so tightly and delicately strung that a word is enough to set him vibrating. His questions come at you like pistol-shots, and his life must be one prolonged agony of waiting for answers. The other man is the exact opposite. He will sit for hours together, smiling and silent. Even though you address a direct question to him, it does not by any means follow that he will answer. You will wonder how it is that this phlegmatic one does not drive the tightly strung man mad. Oddly enough, he seems to act upon him as a kind of sedative. At any rate, the chief point is that they are fast friends, and I believe that they will long remain so, despite their diverging characteristics). Dashing in upon them—the tightly strung man was drinking boiling hot coffee as though his life depended upon it, whilst the phlegmatic man watched him smilingly through wreaths of smoke—I explained my plan in ten words. The tightly strung man sprang to his feet. The phlegmatic man rose gently. We were off.

We Strike the Holiday Note.

A porter at the station of the country town, replying to our question, named the hotel that he considered the best. Threading our way through a fleet of gorgeous motor-broughams, we made for the hotel. Not a room to be had, but the landlord would send up to another hotel. Not a room at the other hotel, but it might be possible to secure some at a private house. This was done, our luggage was conveyed to the private house, and we had just time to swallow a little food before the play began. The Corn Exchange was crowded to the doors, of course; but, thanks to my forethought in wiring, seats had been kept for us. I will not say much about the play or the playing of it. The adaptor—a local gentleman, whose life is devoted, I understand, to the service of science—had been content to rough the story out into several scenes, plastering one incident upon another with delightful insouciance. The acting was hearty, yet it seemed to me a pity that illusion should have been sacrificed to local etiquette. The higher the social rank of the player, it was evident, the longer the part. Age and style had little enough to do

with the business. Had one taken the performance seriously, the evening might have proved painful. But one did not take it seriously. After the first gasp of astonishment we struck the holiday note, and maintained it throughout.

Holding Up the Bar-Parlour.

Now, it was towards the close of this unique entertainment that I noticed, sitting quietly in the middle of the hall, a certain speaker of monologues whose shrewd observation and homely humour, together with a broadly comic personality, have made his name famous in London and the English provinces, whilst he is rapidly establishing himself as a favourite in Paris and the French provinces. We met at the doors as the audience filed out, and I learnt that he was staying at the hotel to which our landlord had applied for help. Moreover, he insisted that we should return with him for supper. I warned the tightly strung man and the phlegmatic man that people in country towns went to bed betimes, and that nothing would induce them to leave their beds until the morning short of fire or burglars. As I have said, they had adopted the holiday mood, and my warnings passed unheeded. We went to supper with the entertainer. Supper not being quite ready, we joined the regular patrons of the house in the bar-parlour, and it occurred to me to call upon my friend for one of his famous monologues. This particular monologue is supposed to be spoken by a typical Cockney whose hero is a "fully licensed man." I never heard it go better than it did in that bar-parlour. Every sentence was followed by a roar.

Alone in the Moonlight.

The evening had begun. It ought to have been ending, but it had only just begun. My friend the reciter, a very excitable man, was suddenly possessed of a blind passion to recite everything in his repertoire. The more they laughed, the more he recited. Supper was announced. The announcement went unregarded. He turned the light of his genius on to his train-companions of that very day. He gave us their words, their pictures, their occupations. Once again the landlord announced supper. This time our host indicated that he would attend to such matters anon, and plunged into another recitation. At last we went to supper. The landlord accompanied us. But the reciter found that he did not require supper. He sprang to his feet and began all over again—this time, though, in French. He begged the landlord to talk French. He gave us all copies of his recitations in French. He was a Frenchman now. At last, about three o'clock, we left for bed. Then we remembered that we did not know the name or the number of the private house to which our bags had been conveyed. We rang up the boots at our hotel. Very sleepy, he showed us the house and went to bed again. We rang the bell of the house, we knocked, we kicked, we shouted. All was silent as the grave. The moon stared down into the empty street of that old country town.

The Phlegmatic Man to the Rescue.

We decided, at last, to return to our friend the reciter. He, at least, was awake. But the gates of the hotel were closed, all was dark. We rang and knocked in vain. What was to be done? The tightly strung man was for returning to London. He overlooked the fact that there were no trains running until the morning. The phlegmatic man was very tired, but he remembered passing a likely-looking hotel near the station. We wandered up to it. To our astonishment, we were at once admitted. Rooms? Yes, plenty of rooms, large, airy, comfortable. The place seemed like a palace. We had no luggage, but what matter? Within ten minutes, even the tightly strung man was asleep. As for the phlegmatic man, he was snoring as he took his boots off.

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A "MERRY WIDOW" MARRIAGE: A MAXIM GIRL'S ROMANCE.



Until her marriage the other day, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Nelson Hood was Miss Ethel Kendall, and, as Eileen Orme, was a member of the No. 1 touring company of "The Merry Widow"—in fact, a Maxim girl. She is a cousin of Miss Denise Orme, and first appeared in the chorus of "The Little Michus." Since then she has played in "The Merveilleuses," "See-See," and "The Merry Widow." She is eighteen. Mr. Hood, who is twenty-seven, is a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and is the only surviving son and the heir of Viscount Bridport.

Photograph of Mrs. Maurice Hood by the Dover Street Studios; of Mr. Maurice Hood by Russell.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

BEING slightly in love just now, thank goodness, I went to an At Home the other afternoon where there was music. Are you alive to that? I mean, of course, that it was given by my Divinity—my present Divinity—who has one or two curious drawbacks. Music is one of 'em. I found a flock of swans, three cygnets, and one darin' male bird with a wet head. Also a piano, a monstrous white bear, duly and correctly skinned, akimbo on the parquet—head protrudin', wearin' a permanent yawn on its old face—some palms, and goodness knows how many gold chairs too few. All quite accordin' to Cocker and Rutland Gate. In an Empire suit—that is, a blue sash under the arms, white gloves up to the vaccination punctures, and a ripple of blue ribbon in the hair—the hostess, dear thing, pitched a smile at me clean over a bunker of enormous hats, and put her finger on her lip. I had heard what I took to be a man tunin' a piano, interrupted by a bevy of larkie kids rumpelin' all the remainin' notes, goin' on as I came upstairs, d'y' see. However, greatly to my amazement, the only person I saw playin' pranks with the domestic instrument of Great Britain was a small starlin' of a woman, and oh, b'Jove and b'George, wasn't she goin' it! What? I assure you that I never heard anythin' like it before. With twinklin' fingers, only attached to the hand with threads, she was makin' a series of sounds that seemed to me to be imitations of a racin' motor-car runnin' amok among hansom-cabs, a Swiss waiter fallin' down the steps of Dover Castle with a tray of tin dishes, and a very fat man under a very cold needle-bath. Upon lookin' at the card, I found, to my surprise, that the item was "November," by a man with a name like a box of letters spilt on the carpet. Bein' distinctly a bit of a musician myself—I mean I whistle when tubbin' and so on—I gazed at the performer open-mouthed. To make sure, I had another searchin' gaze at the card, and there, right enough, was the word music, 4.30—6.30. I said nothin'. But . . .

Eh? Well, what? Restrain yourselves. There's more to follow. After a loud burst of soft applause, a rush forward by the hostess, dear thing, who was carried away by her enthusiasm—she played that thing at school—a lot of talk to the right and left, a distant sound of clutches, and the arrival of another brace of swans, a pouter-pigeon woman, all white, gripped the parquet, arrived with relief at the bear, cooed to a sort of man with thin hair going curly who bagged the piano-stool, folded her hands in front of her, found

the one she loved best sittin' somewhere or other about three miles away, looked like it, and waited for silence. The man shot his cuffs, assured himself that his tie hadn't ridden up at the back, made a playful assault upon the piano, and also waited. Swans gradually became aware that they must really give up hiss'n' for a time, looked like it, there was silence, and then . . .

Well the song was called "Chanson d'Amour," and evidently

she was in love with the wrong joker. Sometimes, one note not being enough to say what she considered him to be, she did it on two, all with folded hands, all to the person three miles away, and when she was just beginning to make it a dead certainty that l'amooourrrrr was as bad as a go of influenza, if not worse, she stopped, cut the person three miles away, broke into a deprecatin' little smile, as who should say, "Just a little thing, a trifle, it don't pay me to do it, but you like it, so there it is," unfolded her hands, and adventured back to a gold chair, amid more applause. So it went it, I give you my word. There were two other singers, a raven and a water-wagtail. There was also one other gymnast, a jenny wren, and it was one down t'other come on with hardly a pause for hiss'n'. And if that is what they call music at Rutland Gate, give me Shaftesbury Avenue.

And here I say What, and pause. For I say this, and I say it well knowin' the harm it will do. I say that that is *not* music. It's extraordinary; but then so's walkin' on the tight rope. It wants a lot of practice; but then so does foldin' up an ear with one quick motion of the neck. It's a profession; but then so's collectin' stamps. But it is not music. It is simply an expert method of makin' one wish that

one was elsewhere, a marvellously well-trained way of makin' unnecessary noise. Dear old Bee infinitely prefers Gabrielle Ray's three or four whispers and two glintin' ankles. What?

I've thought deeply about the whole thing since. I've gone over the At Home as an Institution right back into the Middle Ages. I've touched lightly upon what happens on these occasions on the West Coast of Africa, in New York, and other still uncivilised places, and it works out like this. The At Home is the method practised by the wife of payin' out all her women friends for the dissemination of nasty remarks. Knowing that no men will come to them, she makes it impossible for her friends to enjoy an orgy of conversation by having vocal athletes and instrumental gymnasts. Do you follow me? At least, that's what it looks like. Eh?



[DRAWN BY BURTON.]

THE ANGLER: Is this public water, my man?

THE INHABITANT: Ay.

THE ANGLER: Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?

THE INHABITANT: No; it'll be a miracle!



THE CLUBMAN

THE CHINESE CONSTITUTION—THE WISDOM OF CONFUCIUS—CHINESE LAWS—ANCESTOR-WORSHIP.

CONSTITUTIONS seem to be very much in vogue just now—constitutions for countries, not for individuals, for to be fashionable one must not boast rude health. The Shah is imitating the small boy who fastens a long horsehair to a halfpenny and jerks the coin away when anyone tries to pick it up. His Majesty of Persia, being a wag, laments that his country is averse from a Constitution, not thinking it worth noting that a large portion of it is in insurrection because the promised Constitution has not been granted. The Constitution of China is coming in nine years' time; it was promised to the Empire by the Empress Dowager before she died. The Constitution is postponed for that time that all the statesmen who will have its fashioning in their hands may be enabled to consider the models of the West before they produce something perfect. Time, of course, is no object in such a case, and most of the conservative Chinese officials will think that the dying Empress must have been weak in intellect to fix such an early date instead of giving two or three hundred years as a reasonable time for dealing with so important a matter. When the Chinese Constitution

is arranged it will be announced by the most wonderful "Magna Charta" the world has ever known, for all laws and all edicts from the throne in China are models of goodness. On board a steamer bound to Japan from China I once sat and listened to an argument between a Scottish missionary and a young English-speaking Chinaman, an official of the Chinese Legation at Tokio.

The Scotchman and the Chinaman argued high, they argued low, they also argued round about them. They discussed religion and world-politics and science, and whatever great maxim of Christianity or sayings of holy men the missionary quoted, the young Chinaman was able to give a similar apothegm from the wisdom of Confucius, or from some other learned or saintly man of China; and every great reform, every wise law that has been carried out or promulgated in the West had been for so long the custom of the land in China that the Chinese never thought it necessary to talk about such beneficent facts.

In his quotations from Confucius the Chinaman had the missionary on the hip, for the latter avowedly had never studied the writings of the great sage; and though, in the pursuit of general knowledge, I did once read a translation of some of the less abstruse sayings of the great philosopher, all I carried away in my mind was such a helpful sentence as this: "Truly straightforward was the historiographer Yu. When good government prevailed in his State,

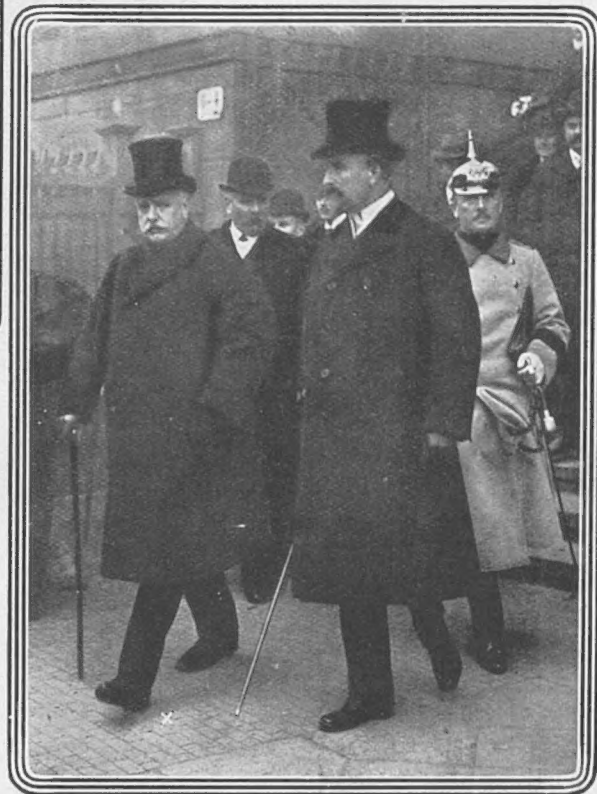
he was like an arrow. When bad government prevailed, he was like an arrow." The quotations the young Chinaman gave us were far more to the point than this; and had he not been a very grave as well as a very learned young man, and had he not been very solemn and earnest in argument, I might have suspected that some of his Wisdom of Confucius was invented to suit the occasion. Another pearl of wisdom, in addition to that concerning the historiographer Yu, culled from Confucius, also remains in my mind. It was the philosopher's opinion on the foolishness of going to law with a lawyer, and it holds good for all time in all countries. "He who quarrels with a lawyer," wrote this very wise man, "fighteth with a flea." There is a marvellously good reason for every bad law in China. The regulation which allows prisoners sentenced to death to live on for years in the prisons while the jailers bleed their relatives for money to buy food for the condemned men was passed in order that the merciful judges might have sufficient time to attempt to find some excuse for the sinning man which would enable them conscientiously to spare his life. Another beautiful feature of Chinese criminal procedure is that no man is ordered to be punished until he has confessed his guilt. The first Court, not to waste time, sends the accused man who pleads "not guilty" to a lower Court for further questioning. If the officials of that Court hang the man up by his pigtail, so that his toes just touch the ground, put burrs under his eyelids, make him kneel on chains, and thrust bamboo splinters under his finger-nails, it is that official human nature is apt to be too eager that justice should be done, not that Chinese law is ever unmerciful.

We laugh at the ancestor-worship of the Chinese, and the edicts which raise in rank men dead many generations ago, or degrade them, as a reward or a punishment to their descendants; but in a less frank manner we copy this custom of a rise in rank to distinguished men after death by the royal grant of nobler rank to the widows or children of great commoners who have chosen to remain without the titles offered them. Ancestor-worship also engenders a care for the last resting-places of Chinamen of respectable families, which



A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR-MUSICIAN AND 'CELLIST PLAYING IN THE STREET: HERR AUGUST VAN BIENE PLAYING IN A LONDON THOROUGHFARE.

The well-known actor-musician and 'cellist, whose "Broken Melody" has been heard by many thousands, kept the other day a vow he made forty years ago that on every anniversary of the day on which he was discovered by Sir Michael Costa he would play in the streets. When he was thus found he was a ragged boy of seventeen, and Sir Michael, hearing him playing in the streets, engaged him as a 'cello-player in the Covent Garden orchestra. He took his 'cello the other day to various London thoroughfares, including the Haymarket, Drury Lane, and Panton Street. To the 15s. 2d. he collected he added £5, and sent the total to the Music-hall Benevolent Fund.—[Photograph by Park.]



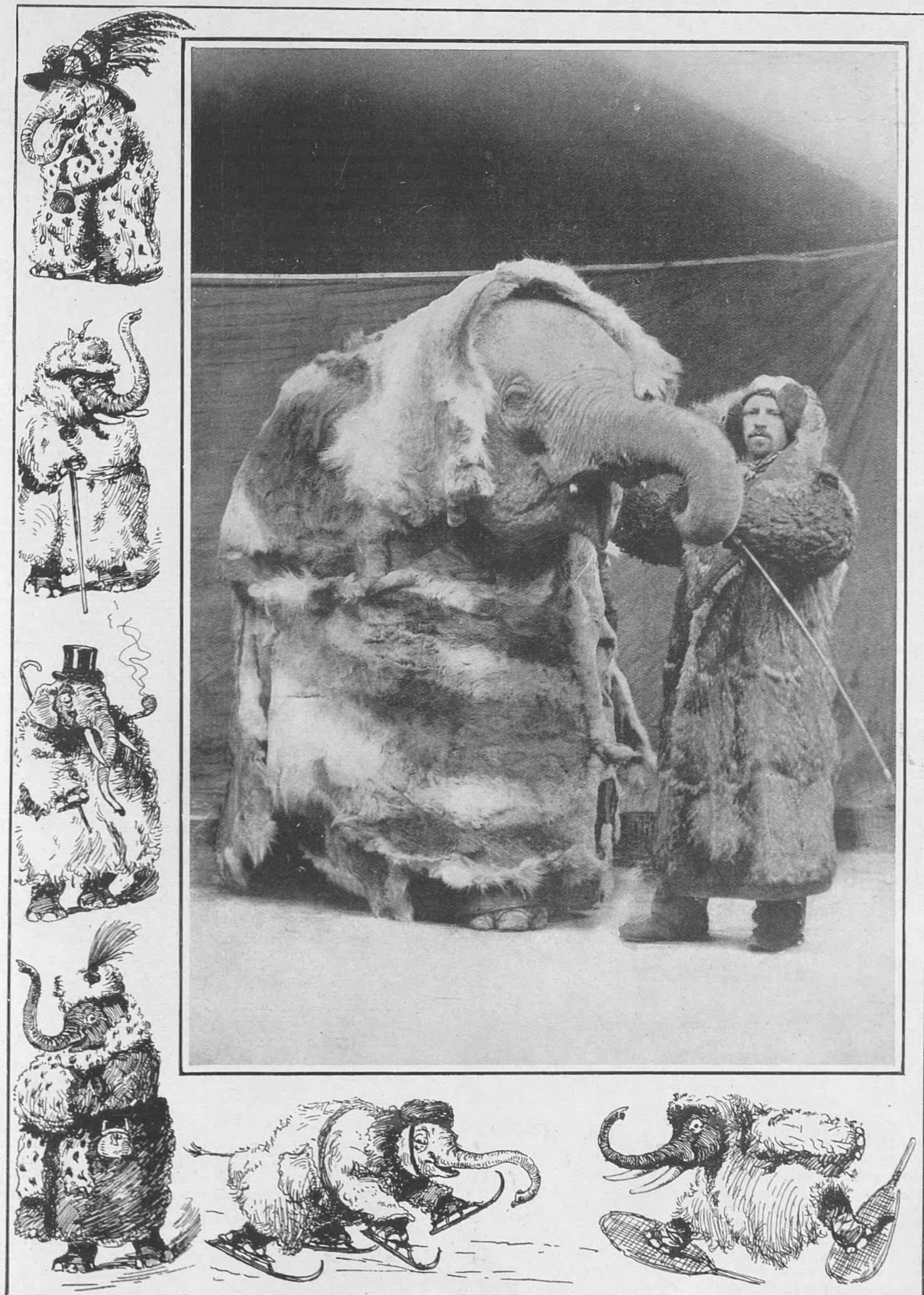
AFTER THE MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW AT WHICH THE KAISER APPROVED HIS CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH: PRINCE VON BUELOW (X) AT POTSDAM STATION.

It was feared that the Kaiser would ask Prince Buelow to send in his resignation again, but nothing of the sort occurred. Instead, there appeared in the Official Gazette a notice containing the following statement of the German Emperor's will: "Unperturbed by exaggeration of public criticism, felt by him to be unjust, he regards it as his highest Imperial task to secure the consistency of policy of the Empire, at the same time maintaining the constitutional responsibilities. In accordance therewith his Majesty the Emperor approved the statement of the Chancellor in the Reichstag, and assured Prince Buelow of his continued confidence."

Photograph by Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

is not a matter with which we concern ourselves greatly in this country. A plot of land in some pleasant position, generally on a mound or on some hillside, with a view over a beautiful landscape or the sea, is bought, and there the Chinaman of position is laid to rest, his tomb forming a little crescent of masonry on the slope. Here on days of mourning his descendants come to make offerings to the spirit of the dead man.

THE RESULT OF A TRUNK CALL.



IN UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION OF HIS ANCESTOR, THE MAMMOTH: AN ELEPHANT IN A FUR COAT.

The elephant did not like the cold encountered during a journey he had to take with his masters, and was not slow to trumpet his indignation. Hence the provision of the impromptu fur coat in which he is here shown.

Photograph by Hedblum.



PLAYER IN LADY ALIX EGERTON'S
MASQUE: LADY KINROSS.

Lady Kinross appeared in the chief part in Lady Alix Egerton's Masque with much success. She is an excellent amateur actress.

Photograph by Wane.

SOME people may suppose that the Bachelors' Club consists only of bachelors, or even that the Eighty Club specially caters for men of eighty. Well, it certainly did cater for a man of eighty, and one year over, when it cooked a lunch for Lord Ripon. On his retirement from public life the ex-Viceroy of India has been not merely lunched, but also interviewed; and he has paid a loyal tribute to Mr. Gladstone, although there was a moment when the relations

The Audience. Members of Parliament, even junior members of the Government, sometimes manage to escape from the House of Bondage for a quiet evening off; and on one such, Mr. Masterman, taking time and the Whips by the forelock, presided over a meeting of the National Parents' Union, held in the drawing-room

on Parliament the powers that become so much more shining in private and congenial gatherings. The fact is, a man should always have women among his hearers. An audience of men is as dull and uninspiring as a dinner-party of men only—which Disraeli once said was the dullest affair on earth. If ever women sit in Parliament, the



AUTHOR OF A CHARMING MASQUE:
LADY ALIX EGERTON.

Lady Alix Egerton is the daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere. She is artist as well as writer, and designed the costumes worn in the Masque.—[Photograph supplied by P.P.A.]

"Cuckoo" was lately introduced to a mother who protested: "But that is a boy's name; my son has borne it for twenty years." On the other hand, the feminine reading of "Cuckoo" is maintained by Countess Grosvenor, who will not think of it as belonging to anyone but her own daughter, more generally known as Lady Shaftesbury.

"Sir George." Sir George Frampton belongs to the straight-brimmed brigade. Another sculptor, the late Onslow Ford, began in



MISS DAISY CASE AND MR. EVERARD RADCLIFFE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT
IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Case is the third daughter of Captain Ashton Case, of Beckford Hall, Gloucestershire. Mr. Radcliffe is the eldest son of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, the noted Yorkshire magnate.

Photographs by Annie Bell.

of the Hon. Mrs. Franklin in Porchester Terrace. There, in delightful surroundings, with the ghosts of William Morris and Burne-Jones beckoning to you from the walls, and the Sargent portrait of the hostess, which will be alive for ever, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board gave free expression to a number of witty and wise opinions. Anyone who hears clever men like Mr. Masterman and Mr. George Wyndham make a speech on quiet social occasions instantly laments that they should waste

level of Parliamentary oratory will undoubtedly rise—an opinion shared by all who have heard Mr. Masterman make a drawing-room speech with Mrs. Masterman seated in the front row of listeners.

"Cuckoo." There is sometimes safety of singularity in a pet-name. But "Cuckoo," daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brooman White, of Arddarroch, Dumbartonshire, who is shortly to wed Mr. W. P. B. Frazer, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, does not hold hers in security. Another



LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO THE HON.
REGINALD WALSH IS ANNOUNCED.

Lady Margaret Douglas-Home is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Home. Her wedding to Lord Ormathwaite's youngest son will take place on December 10.

Photograph by Collings.

between the two men were strained almost to the point of snapping. It was once said of a great lady that she wrote her books with one eye on her manuscript and the other on the nearest man; and Lord Ripon almost adopts the phrase when he says that Mr. Gladstone wrote a pamphlet with a special eye to his colleagues' edification. There is one salient fact of his career which Lord Ripon is too modest to mention—the great partiality always felt for him by Queen Victoria, with whom the late Lady Ripon also was a prime favourite



MISS EVELYN ALEXANDER AND MR. CLAUD SYKES, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT
IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Alexander is the daughter of Mr. and Lady Emily Alexander, and a niece of Lord Cork. Mr. Sykes is in the Grenadier Guards.

Photographs by Gabell and Lafayette.



MISS GLADYS GILLITHIE, WHO IS
TO MARRY MAJOR BELLAMY TO-
MORROW (THURSDAY).

Miss Gillithie is the daughter of the late Dr. Gillithie and Mrs. Lister, of Great Budden. Major Bellamy is of the Yorkshire Regiment.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

England the fashion, familiar in France, of a hat with a brim from which all curl had been ironed. The straight line is better than the curved, from a sculptor's standpoint; and what is "accepted of marble" becomes with the artist in marble a rule of life. Sir George, who looks the artist that he is, has had a good many royalties among his sitters, and his skill in combining the actual likeness with the popular idea of it, chiefly gathered from touched-up photographs, is one of his qualifications for this rather bothersome branch of his profession.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



REMARKABLE POINTED SABOTS OF BETHMALE.

These wooden shoes are a remarkable contrast to the up-to-date shoes shown facing them. It will be seen that in design they are anything but new. They are heelless, and lack of heel is made up by a considerable extension of toe.



[Photo. Twycross.]

A YARD OF ALE.

Beer was sold by the yard in and around Bexley, in Kent, for some years. The photograph shows what is believed to be the last specimen of the yard glass. The drinking of a yard of beer is by no means easy.



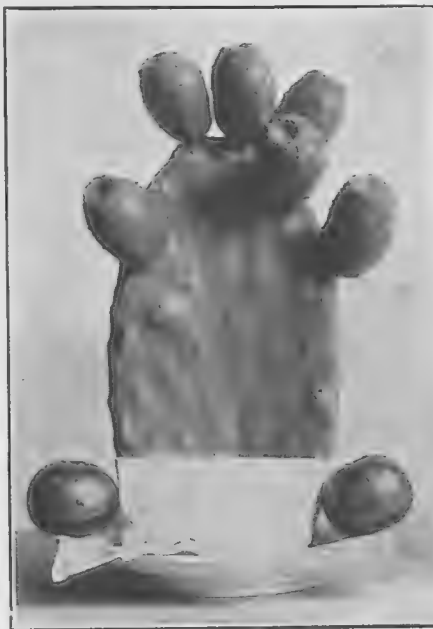
SLIPPERS WITH DIAMOND-STUDDED HEELS.

Women with luxurious tastes have now a further opportunity of gratifying those tastes in the shape of slippers which have not only diamond buckles, but heels decorated with devices in the same precious stones. The slippers here illustrated come from Berlin.



A RAILWAY STATION'S ENTRANCE AT WHICH IT IS ALWAYS STORMY.

On very many days there is a fierce draught down the Waverley steps, the entrance to the Waverley Station, Edinburgh.



A NOVEL TABLE DELICACY: THE FIG CACTUS.

The fig cactus is a table decoration much favoured in Germany. Its fruit, which grows from the leaf, is eaten for dessert.

Photograph by Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft



A BABY AS A GARDEN-ROLLER: ROLLING FIELDS AT KULU.

A heavy block of wood is pulled over the ground, and there is placed on this, to lend it sufficient weight, either a child or a stone.



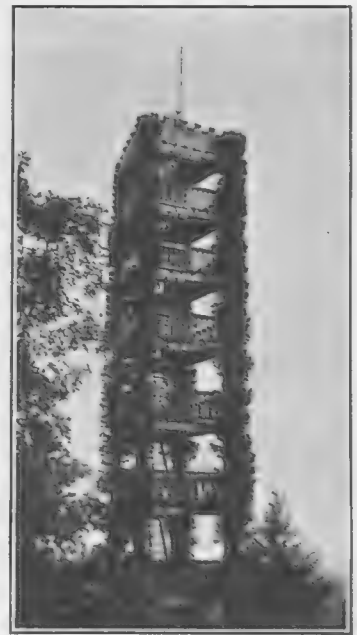
THE FIRST WIRE-ROPE RAILWAY IN THE ALPS.

The railway is at Kohlerer, near Bozen, in the Austrian Tyrol, and provides a novel sensation for those not used to it.



A FIRE THAT HAS BEEN ALIGHT FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

The fire, which is of peat from the Yorkshire moors, is in the Chequers Inn at Osmotherley, and is a relic of the old coaching days. Excellent girdle-cakes are still cooked over it.—[Photograph by Cocks.]



[Photo. Indersley.]

FOUR LIVING TREES AS A NINETY-FOOT TOWER.

The four redwood trees are at Cape Meeker, California. Balconies and steps leading to these have been built between the trees.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



LORD GLAMIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY DOROTHY OSBORNE TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Lord Glamis is heir to the Earldom of Strathmore, one of the oldest Earldoms of Scotland. He was born in September 1884, was educated at Sandhurst, and is a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards. He has five brothers and three sisters.

Photograph by Thomson.

King" is to be played and sung with precision and intelligence. Even if such regulations do not come directly from him whom the anthem most directly concerns, it is an open secret that they

GENERAL Sir Ian Hamilton, who has just written a preface to a collection of war-songs, has, unlike the average warrior, the courage of his own rhymes. Within his regiment, his seat on Pegasus is not of nearly so much concern as his seat on his military charger; but he has found readers even among his fellow-officers, and this he considers to be no mean feat. Sir Ian, like the King he serves, has decided views as to regimental songs and singers. He thinks that the Northern regiments have the best ear, and that they will undoubtedly be the first to fall into the new regulations as to the time to which "God Save the

him. It would, perhaps, surprise us if Mr. Tattersall assumed the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. But in Persia the horse has greater official standing than it has here, and if the creature is good, is not its master better? In Egypt, too, the Arab steed has been a sort of Throne Room, and State decrees and mandates are still dated and signed in the old manner of "Given in the saddle, the 25th day," etc.

Queen Alexandra's Address.

Amid the rush of small-beer stories about royalties in their relations with the poor, a little speech that really was significant may easily be submerged. One such reached, perhaps, only the discreet ears of the Lady-in-Waiting who tells it to her friends; anyway, we have not met with it in print. "Where do you live?" asked Queen Alexandra of the little bed-ridden girl. "Behind John Barker's," replied the child, who, encouraged by the kind manner of her visitor, ventured on a counter-question: "And where do you live, Miss?" "Oh, I live near Gorrings," replied the Queen.

An Edwardian Anniversary.

The light side of the history of royalty is being made apace. Germany, whatever its feeling towards its ruling House, has been looking up to the Crown Prince as he sailed aloft in Count Zeppelin's high-flown vessel, and this week loyal motorists in England are, if they remember it, celebrating the eleventh anniversary of Edward the Seventh's first ride in a motor-car. The grounds of Buckingham Palace, where the experiment was made, were not adapted as well as might be



MR. CHARLES FERGUSON OF PITFOUR, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY EDITH CAMPBELL TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

The Fergusons of Pitfour are one of the oldest families of Aberdeenshire. Mr. Ferguson's mother, who was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Bridport, was, before her marriage, a Bed-Chamber Woman to Queen Victoria. —[Photograph by Langflier.]



LADY GLAMIS (FORMERLY LADY DOROTHY OSBORNE), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LORD STRATHMORE'S HEIR TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Last Saturday's bride is the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and was born in 1888. —[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

reflect the royal view on the subject. And whether it is a matter of buttons or bâtons, the royal view in regimental concerns is, of course, omnipotent.

The Romance of a Uniform.

The King knows a thing or two, as Mr. Atkins would explain; but once, if once only, he was at fault in the matter of a uniform. "To what service, Russian, Dutch, or Portuguese, does that gentleman belong?" he once asked a friend, over whose mantelpiece was hanging the photograph of a soldierly figure. "He is wearing," was the answer, "one of your Majesty's uniforms." Not until he was told that he was looking at the picture of an Irish political prisoner, in prison dress, would the King cease denying any knowledge of the unshapely tunic and very undress cap.

The Reining Ruler.

Sata-Khan, who has risen to the occasion in Persia—risen, in fact, from horse-dealer to ruler of a province—and proved himself the nation's strong man, is thought much of by the Europeans who have come in contact with



LADY EDITH FERGUSON (FORMERLY LADY EDITH CAMPBELL) WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. FERGUSON OF PITFOUR TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Lady Edith Ferguson is the eldest of Lord and Lady Cawdor's four daughters.

Photograph by Langflier.

thought to the trial, and the King was pleased with his initial experience, but no more. He was, however, a pioneer among the owners of private cars, and three years after the trial trip he had reached the stage at which motoring is among the main necessities of existence.

KING'S-PRIZE WINNERS AT THE ANIMALS' BISLEY:
CRACK SHOTS.



1. CATERpillars of the pine-moth defending themselves against a wasp by spitting at it.

2. AN ANT-LION THROWING UP SAND WITH ITS HEAD, AND SO CAUSING ANTS TO FALL INTO ITS PIT.

3. THE CHAMELEON DARTING ITS TONGUE, WHICH IS COVERED WITH A VISCID SALIVA, AT ITS VICTIM.

4. A LLAMA RESENTS THE APPROACH OF VISITORS, AND SPITS AT THEM.

5. THE TOXOTES JACULATOR BRINGING DOWN ITS QUARRY WITH A WELL-AIMED JET OF WATER.

Certain members of the animal world have the power of shooting their victims or their enemies when they are seeking, in the one case, food, in the other, to defend themselves. Certain examples of those who exercise these powers are here illustrated. The ant-lion is the larva of *Myrmeleon Formicarius*. The spittle of the llama is acrid and offensive. The *Toxotes jaculator* is a kind of perch.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Nonotie)

THE TREND OF THE AUTUMN SEASON.

WE are halfway through the autumn season, and since there is something of a pause in the feverish flood of productions, it is worth while to look back a little. It has been a busy autumn, not marked by peculiarly individual features, unless, perhaps, in the number of experimental productions. In my early days as critic there were far more experimental productions than in these later years. They were nearly always *matinée* affairs, and almost invariably foolish, hopeless—mere exhibitions of vanity on the one hand, and cupidity on the other. Now we have plenty of trial performances—a good many on Sunday evenings, the rest at *matinées*—and the worst is better than the average of those from which we used to suffer. The “*Bacchæ*” has been the interesting event in this respect; it has proved once more the impossibility of revivifying Greek drama, and yet showed that the failure of sincere efforts gives us more interesting matter than the success of many tolerably written modern pieces. And there remains the vivid memory of Miss McCarthy’s fascinating performance as *Dionysus*, the god who possibly anticipates the outburst of the Renaissance spirit in mediæval history. Some day, perhaps, a sounder effort at one of these revivals will be made: an effort in which a building like the Hippodrome will be used, which would fairly vie with Bradfield in enabling the chorus to assert itself. There was another experimental effort: the revival of “*The Maid’s Tragedy*,” by those naughty writers Beaumont and Fletcher. It enabled Miss Esmé Beringer to show valuable, if not unsuspected, talent for tragedy; also it dispelled the delusion that this drama has fine acting qualities not discernible in the library. Some of the immortal dramatists were lucky fellows: they won immortality because they wrote when they did, and not what they did.

The triumph of the half-season has been Mr. Barrie’s. I heard one of our leading dramatists say that he never enjoyed anything so much in the theatre as the first act of “*What Every Woman Knows*.” Poor Mr. Barrie! Undoubtedly, the last act is not as good as the first, and playgoers, being an ungrateful tribe, are disappointed because, having started on the top of the mountain, the author has failed to go higher. Yet even the grumblers are delighted, and nobody will forget Miss Hilda Trevelyan, to say nothing of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. The real novelty of the autumn, I suppose, is “*The Passing of the Third-Floor Back*,” the popularity of which shows that there are thousands who share the enthusiastic opinion of our “*Mr. Chicot*,” and think little of the dramatic critics who did not think much of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome’s expedition into the supernatural. Whether the sneerers or the enthusiasts are right about the piece, I do not pretend to say; all recognise

that Mr. Forbes Robertson has given an admirable performance. “*Faust*” is the other play with a supernatural element; I hear that it has drawn big houses, and yet is to be replaced at Christmas by a work considered more suitable to holiday-makers than the tale of *Marguerite’s* fall and the defeat of the *Mephistopheles* picturesquely represented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. One may apply to modern Drury Lane Theatre a famous phrase from the somewhat bombastic “*Richelieu*,” that in the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. “*The Marriages of Mayfair*” has thrilled its thousands or scores of thousands, but will soon have to give way to the pantomime. Happy house, whose Christmas entertainment is always referred to as *the* pantomime!

The withdrawal of “*The Sway-Boat*” rather puzzles me, since Mr. Coleby’s comedy, in many respects, is the best of the three really original plays which have rendered remarkable Miss Lena Ashwell’s reign at the Kingsway. Probably the fact that it ends unhappily has hurt it; one can imagine that at some theatres the question of securing popularity by killing off the disagreeable husband and uniting the heroine to the lover would have been discussed seriously. At Miss Ashwell’s house a braver policy is pursued.

The strongly written, finely thought-out comedy had to meet its fate unaltered. Some day, however, no doubt it will be revived. The new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, written in a less strenuous vein than some of his later works, is drawing the world to see the delightful *Dolly* and her dreadful quarrel, and everybody is amused, whilst the reputation of Miss Ethel Irving is enhanced. It is too soon to speak of Mr. Sutro’s piece, “*The Builder of Bridges*,” in which Mr. George Alexander is giving to us one of the best even of his performances. Of “*Idols*” and “*Bel-lamy the Magnificent*,” and “*Lady Epping’s Law Suit*” it is needless to say very much. They are drawing and entertaining good houses, and although there is a little novelty in the form of the last two, one can hardly regard them as theatrical portents. Capital performances by popular players and parts well designed for them seem the distinguishing marks of these affairs.

Musical comedy goes on gaily. “*The King of Cadonia*,” one of the prettiest of its class, seems likely to be one of the most successful. Probably by now “*The Belle of Brittany*” has found the backbone which seemed to have been mislaid on the first night, and “*The Merry Widow*” threatens to run as long as “*Charley’s Aunt*.” “*The Hon’ble Phil*” is another triumph in the long list of Mr. G. P. Huntley. I ought to have mentioned earlier the great success of Mr. H. B. Irving in “*The Lyons Mail*,” to which he has given a new lease of life.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN, WHO IS PLAYING MRS. STURGESS IN “*DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF*,” AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.



“*IN AN ARAB GARDEN*,” AT THE VAUDEVILLE; MISS MONA HARRISON AS MESSAOUA AT THE WELL.

“*In an Arab Garden*,” a comedy in one act, adapted by Gladys Unger from the French of P. Elzear, was produced at the Vaudeville some nights ago.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

COLONEL COMMANDING THE 1ST SWEEDLERS (TELFER'S OWN).

DOLLY WHEN SHE IS NOT REFORMING HERSELF AT THE HAYMARKET: MISS ETHEL IRVING
IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Miss Ethel Irving has made yet another great personal success as the sweedling Dolly Telfer in "Dolly Reforming Herself."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Death of a Lioness.

Reports that we have heard as to the death of the Empress-Dowager of China bring back to memory a story not without interest, in view of the recent visit of the King and Queen of Sweden. When the change of dynasty was made, the old Queen was furious at Bernadotte's appointment, would neither see him nor have anything to do with him. Friends told him that his life was in consequence the safer. But one day the Queen apparently relented, and sent for him to dine with her. Happy to bury the hatchet, he went, but on his way to the Palace had a paper thrust into his hand bearing the warning—"If she offers you food or drink, as you value your life, refuse it." The Queen proved all graciousness, and the dinner passed off most happily. Presently a cup of coffee on a golden salver was brought in. The Queen herself handed it to him. He was about to accept it, when he remembered the warning, and drew back. "Après vous, Madame," he said. She turned deadly pale, but looking him full in the face—she drank it. Next morning the world heard that the Queen-Dowager had died in the night.

The Ten-Word Speech.

It is not impossible that his well-wishers may advise Kaiser William, now that he vows repentance for too free speech, to study the record in this direction of Moltke. Out of the Reichstag he was brevity personified. His speeches at dinner would have broken the heart of a London toastmaster, but they afforded good sport to his auditors, who used to gamble upon the number of words he would use. On one occasion, a couple of officers speculated upon the length of speech that he would deliver at a certain oyster breakfast. The betting was on nine words at most. The warrior upset the market by unexpectedly prefacing his remarks with the word "Gentlemen." That made ten. The loser was disconsolate. "The Field-Marshal is getting old—he begins to be talkative," he sighed.

Heart-Throbs and Economy.

The penny-a-word cables should make proposals easy between couples whom seas and continents divide. Who would not pop the question at a cost of, say, half-a-crown? What happens under the existing tariff we may imagine from the experience of a farmer in Canada who desired to propose to a damsel on the other side of the Dominion. He telegraphed, "Will you be my wife? Telegraph reply." He waited till the evening—no answer. Next morning it arrived—in the affirmative. His friends thought that she might have shown more consideration for his feelings than to keep him so long in suspense. He differed. "A woman that'll hold back her answer to a proposal of marriage all day so as to send it by the night rates is the economical creature I've been looking for," he complacently answered.

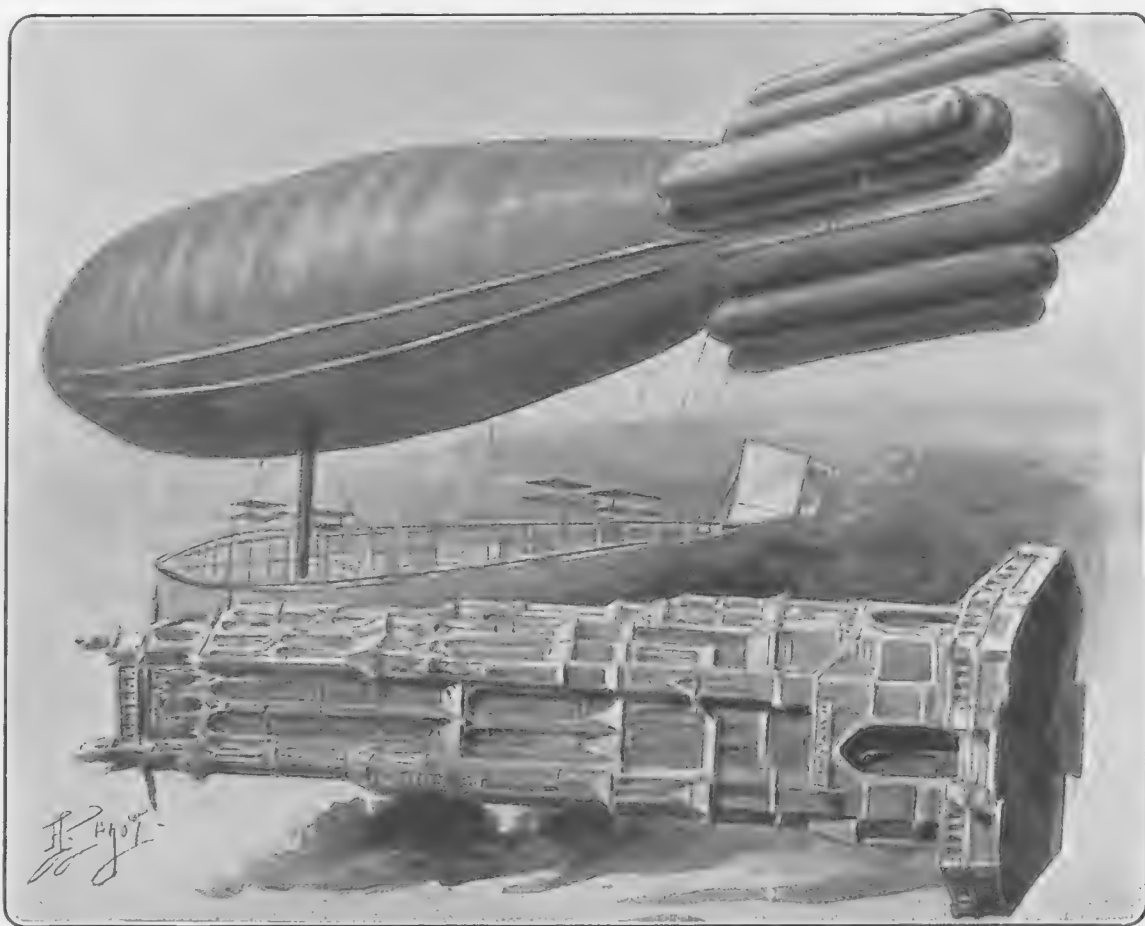
A Praiseworthy Deceit.

The mistranslation of a cipher telegram has just brought about a serious crisis between Brazil and Argentina, happily removed by the explanation now given to the world. Sometimes the boot is on the other leg, so to speak, it is the recipient who so smooths away trouble caused by a despatch. A case in point is that afforded by the action of Lord Cowley in Paris. He received a highly jingoistic despatch from Lord Malmesbury, upon the latter's going to the Foreign Office; and read serious trouble in it. He took it to Count Walewski, the natural son of Napoleon I., by this time Louis Napoleon's Foreign Minister. Cowley explained that he came not as Ambassador, but in his personal capacity, to show him in secret the despatch which he thought so strong that he wished Walewski to see it privately before he presented it officially. Walewski read it carefully.

"You may give me the despatch, if you like," he said; "but if you do I shall send you your passports to-morrow." Lord Cowley pocketed the injudicious document and sent it home, where it was altered, and we remain still at peace with France.

We are Delighted.

There are two sides to every proposition. The failure of an important despatch brought us much nearer to war with Russia, four years ago, than two friendly nations ever ought to go. Two of her volunteer cruisers were waltzing about the ocean holding up peaceful British



WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT THE DIRIGIBLE BALLOON "VILLE DE PARIS" HAS A GREATER LENGTH THAN THE TOWER OF St. JACQUES HAS HEIGHT? IT IS A FACT.

SIZES THAT SURPRISE: HOW YOUR EYES DECEIVE YOU.

The balloon is 206 feet in length; the Tower is 186 feet in height.—[See our Double Page.]

steamers, which is a thing that John Bull will not tolerate from anybody. We made our protest, and St. Petersburg solemnly promised that the thing should not recur. But lo! a week or so afterwards, one of the same cruisers appeared off the Cape of Good Hope, stopping our shipping once more. This was almost too much, and the man in the street wanted to send the fleet to the Baltic. Patience is of sovereign worth in such a contingency. It was discovered that the offending cruisers knew nothing of the orders which the Russian Government had issued. An unprecedented thing happened. We sent our own cruisers out after them to tell their captains what their Lord the Tsar had decreed.

Cheap at the Price.

The Archbishop-elect will not take possession of his palace of Bishopthorpe quite without money and without price. The manor-house is not the property of the Archbishop of York. He must buy his way in. The fee demanded is a relic of an interesting bit of history. Henry II. and his sons had a genial way of forgetting to appoint a successor to an episcopal vacancy, so that for a period of years they might sweep the revenues into their own exchequer. Hence, when the manor-house was presented to the see, it was conveyed, not to the see, but to the Dean and Chapter of York Minster, on the condition that they re-conveyed it to the new Archbishop on the annual payment of twenty marks. A very modest rental, too.

LOST BAGGAGE.



THE OFFICER (*excitedly*): Hi, Tomkins, have you seen anything of my baggage?

PRIVATE TOMKINS (*as he points to the vanishing lady*): Yessir; she's just gone along there with the Major.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



DURING the run of "Henry the Fifth," which begins this Wednesday evening at the Lyric, Mr. Lewis Waller will of necessity often recall the prowess of an ancestor who fought on the memorable battlefield which looms so largely in Shakespeare's play. Curiously enough, Mr. Waller knew nothing of the bond which unites his name with Agincourt until he was told

of it by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A few days ago, he and his partner, Mr. Vedrenne, were staying with Sir Arthur at his home in the country. Sir Arthur told them that in the old church at Groombridge, there is a stained-glass window dedicated to Sir Richard Waller, an ancestor of Edmund Waller, the poet. While, as all *Sketch* readers know, Mr. Lewis Waller's name is really Waller Lewis, he derives his Christian name, which forms his theatrical surname, from his grandmother, a Miss Waller, who was a direct descendant of the poet. Mr. Waller is there-

fore a direct descendant of Edmund Waller. Mr. Waller and Mr. Vedrenne were so interested in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's news that they motored over to the church to look at the window, which bears the following inscription in English: "Sir Richard Waller, Knight of Groombridge, by whom Charles Duke of Orleans was rescued at the battle of Agincourt A.D. 1415."

trickiness of the actor's memory. One evening, after she had been playing Ada for over a year, she found, when she came to the recitation in the first act, that her mind was a blank about it. The words had completely passed away, and the prompter had to give them to her. The next night the same thing happened, although, in the meantime, she had carefully rehearsed the recitation. This made her so nervous that she determined to have the words written out, and she has always carried the paper with her on the stage as the only means of overcoming the feeling that at some unexpected time her memory will again play her false.

There is a general impression, which has even found its way into print, that "Lady Epping," in which Miss Moore is acting regularly at the Criterion Theatre, was specially written for her. The assumption is, perhaps, natural, seeing how admirably she has adapted herself to the requirements of the character of the heroine of Mr. H. H. Davies's amusing play. It is a mistake, all the same. The part was not written for Miss Moore, and if it was written with any special actress in view, it was another lady. Furthermore, it is not Mr. Davies's most recent play, as has also been gratuitously and erroneously assumed, for it was written two or three years ago.

Mr. Oscar Adye, who is playing at Drury Lane, where last autumn he made so striking a success in "The Sins of Society," had a vivid experience in Chicago when he was acting there some years ago with Mrs. Langtry. At five o'clock one winter morning he was awakened by a noise, and saw a typical Chicago "tough" stooping to get in under the bedroom window, which he had succeeded in opening. Mr. Adye was certain that if he moved when the man was inside, he would be shot, and, as he was unarmed, whatever steps he could take to scare the burglar had to be taken on the instant, for two instants would be too late. He therefore seized one of his boots, with a boot-tree in it, and hurled it with all his might at the man. It missed him, but it struck the shutter above his head with a great crash. At the same moment Mr. Adye shouted, "Billy, get your gun, quick!" to make the burglar imagine there were two men in the room, and one at least was armed. The ruse had the desired effect. The burglar bolted, and Mr. Adye rushed to the window just in time to see him going down the garden path with his hand in his revolver-pocket. Next day he mentioned his experience to an officer of the Chicago police. "Ah," said the latter, "it is a pity you could not have shot him." "But that would have necessitated my staying in Chicago for the inquest," replied the actor, "to say nothing of having a charge of murder brought against me." "Oh, no," returned the officer, "your name and your next address would have been taken, but you would never have heard anything more about it. We are only too much obliged to anyone for getting rid of that sort of vermin." By the way, it is interesting to record that Mr. Adye is a descendant of the Shakespeare family through Joan Shakespeare, who married William Hart. Mr. Adye's mother was a Miss Hart, a descendant of that family.



THE WHITE REDSKINS OF PARIS: MLE. SYLVE IN THE APACHE DANCE, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Hana.

fore a direct descendant of Edmund Waller. Mr. Waller and Mr. Vedrenne were so interested in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's news that they motored over to the church to look at the window, which bears the following inscription in English: "Sir Richard Waller, Knight of Groombridge, by whom Charles Duke of Orleans was rescued at the battle of Agincourt A.D. 1415."

Everybody remembers the enthusiastic actor who, in his desire for realism, blacked himself all over in order to play Othello. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, who is once more acting at Drury Lane, the scene of her former triumphs—for she has played many of the Shakespearean heroines there—once encountered a gentleman who must have been first-cousin, if not own brother, to that celebrity. She was acting in one of the provincial towns, in which an amateur performance of "Othello" had taken place the previous week. A well-known London amateur, whose hair was flaxen, had undertaken to go down to play Othello. When he arrived at the theatre and began to dress, he discovered, to his dismay, that he had forgotten to pack the black wig he always wore for the part. There was no other to be obtained, and for a moment the situation must have seemed desperate, for even a tawny, if not a black, Moor with yellow hair is an unthinkable proposition. Happily, however, the amateur actor was a man as full of resource as he was devoted to his art. He saw a way out of the difficulty, and determined to put it into execution. A few minutes later, the Iago of the evening, who was dressing with him, went into the room, when he found "the valiant Moor" stretched out upon the floor in front of the fireplace. His head was up the chimney and his hair was being covered with soot, which, when rubbed in, made an effective substitute for the wig and saved the situation into which his forgetfulness or that of his valet placed him.

Few of those who have seen Miss Mary Moore play Ada Ingot, in "David Garrick," in which she appeared again with Sir Charles Wyndham last Thursday, would imagine that the actress could be nervous in the part, when it is remembered how often she has acted it. Nervous she is, however. Her nervousness is begotten of the



THE WHITE REDSKINS OF PARIS: M. VOLBERT IN THE APACHE DANCE, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Hana.

AND SO SAY ALL OF US.



DELIRIOUS SPECTATOR: Ip-ip-ip-OO-rye!

INQUISITIVE STRANGER: Who is passing, pray?

DELIRIOUS SPECTATOR: I dunno, guv'nor! Ip-ip-ip-OO-rye!

DRAWN BY NOEL. POCKOCK.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

HUMAN nature is infinitely various, but it is also extremely monotonous. In one respect it *never* alters, so far as I am aware, and that is in our continuing to exalt the giants who were giants when we were young and ardent, and in our tendency to depreciate the stature of those whom our juniors insist are giants now. For my part, being aware of this monotony, and being anxious to gain a little cheap distinction by offering an exception to it, I go about looking for giants who were unknown when I was a young man, my hands uplifted to clap. And—confound them!—the young giants won't appear. Mr. Chesterton is all very well, but I don't call him a *really* young giant. I want some of twenty-five or so. Where are they? Don't they exist, or am I merely another instance of the monotony?

This reflection is the result of reading Mr. Comyns Carr's preface to his always entertaining and sometimes very instructive book, "Some Eminent Victorians" (Duckworth).

He says that "in the region of Art and Literature" he is "still an impenitent Victorian." Why should he not be? What is there to repent of? It is a pity if our admirations are limited to this or that period. Mr. Carr thinks that many people confuse art with science, and believe that, because science has progressed, art must have progressed also. As he rightly points out, this is a fallacy. But if art has not necessarily progressed, it has not neces-

sarily deteriorated either, and I am inclined to think that Mr. Carr is inclined to think that it has. I recommend to him Mr. Robert Ross's stirring pamphlet, "There is no Decay," to reassure him in this matter. Mr. Carr says he has no desire to disparage the work of those who "profess a more modern creed." I don't like that word "creed" in this connection. It seems to me better to profess no creed at all, but simply to admire what is admirable, and that, I believe, most of us do, as far as we can—though we have that monotonous tendency before mentioned. Of course, there are blind people about. Mr. Carr has met "a cultivated young writer of the newer school"—what school is that? I hate schools—who informed him that among young men of culture Dickens was now never read after the age of fourteen. Well, then, that cultivated young writer was an ass—or perhaps he was pulling Mr. Carr's leg. So have I met old men—I won't say writers or cultivated—who professed to see no merit at all in Ibsen or Meredith, but I hoped they were pulling *my* leg.

However, I have no quarrel with Mr. Carr about his particular admirations, and in one respect I think the time of his early manhood was more fortunate than the present. There was more zest in the arts then, greater enthusiasm, greater vitality in effort and appreciation alike. I think there was more vitality "going" generally. People did violently energetic things. Mr. Carr and his wife,

coming home after a ball at something past five o'clock, found Beatty-Kingston (a great amateur of the piano) and an Italian violinist, whom they had left there when they went to the ball, still playing duets, and sat down to listen to the treat. People romped more than we do—at least in artistic circles. "One day at Farringford he was suddenly seized with the idea that he would like to dress up one of Mrs. Cameron's nieces in the garb of a man. He got one of his own long coats from the hall, and with a burnt cork himself disfigured her pretty face, daubing upon it a heavy black moustache and imperial, and then retreating to the other side of the room to gaze with manifest delight upon the result of his own handiwork." Who was he? Farringford should have prepared you: it was Tennyson—no less.

A passage in the book which particularly interested me is concerned with the rehearsing of plays, from the point of view of the dramatist. It

may seem a dull business to the outsider—like hearing boys their lessons—but to the dramatist it is extraordinarily interesting. In a humble degree I have had Mr. Carr's experience—the interest of the actor's personality in combination with one's creation, the growth of what must be a new effect. I had, too, I remember, a strong feeling of pride, or vanity, from the fact that it was my work that was setting those clever and expressive people in motion—it was a glorified game of chess.

I suppose one grows out of that vanity as one grows out of the vanity of seeing one's stuff in print. Probably Mr. Carr, if he had the feeling, has grown out of it long ago. I, alas! have not had the chance. Even if the reader—it is conceivable—has not had a play produced, he will enjoy this passage in the book and remember it, if he has ever taken, or shall take, part in amateur theatricals. I hope it will make him a better actor.

Much about painters is interesting. Here, for example, is a joyously characteristic story of Millais. He was going round a collection of his own pictures with Mr. Carr at the Grosvenor Gallery. "You know, Carr, as I look at these things there are some of them which seem to say to me, 'Millais, you're a fine painter,' and there are others that tell me just as plainly, 'Millais, you're a damned vulgar fellow!'" But the most delightful thing in the book, in this connection, is the account of Burne-Jones, and the comic letters from him and pictures happily reproduced. The reader may have seen the two "Homes of England" sketches—the hideous man asleep on the hideous sofa, and the horrible monster reading the *Times*. "My heart is in the work," wrote Burne-Jones. It is delicious fun—and rather terrible satire. One is reminded of the Limericks Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne are credited with. Thank heaven for great men's lighter moments.

N. O. I.



ROYAL PORTRAITURE IN ITS MOST REMARKABLE FORM: PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE, SISTER OF NAPOLEON—THE "VENUS VICTORIEUSE" OF CANOVA.

The frontispiece of "The Sisters of Napoleon: Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte," by Joseph Turquan; reproduced from the book by permission of the publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.—[Photograph by Anderson.]

WHY NOT VARY THE MONOTONY OF SHOW DOGS?



IV.—THE GREYOUNDLAND.

(GREYHOUND AND NEWFOUNDLAND.)

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

UNREHEARSED.

By LYULPH LUMLEY.

MAX URQUHART, one hand thrust in the pocket of his dinner-jacket, the other waving wreaths of smoke from a cigarette, stood in the middle of a large room.

"Now then, Penton," he cried sharply; "close! Lansdell, this is where you sacrifice your shirt-front to realism—let her go!"

Two men at the end of the room sprang upon one another in a swift, silent grip. Penton was in the unmistakable costume of a footlights burglar—his smooth chin daubed with "blue," a strip of crape across his eyes. Lansdell wore evening clothes on his neatly built body. A couch before the panelled wall, a table with various objects on it, a tall lamp, and chairs were arranged as an impromptu stage set. The two figures were swaying with a willing expenditure of reality, each striving to bear the other down; bodies bent, limbs twisting. They moved a dragging step backwards; the table came in their way, reared up, and toppled over. But there was no resounding crash.

"Keep it up—don't give an inch," shouted Urquhart excitedly from his post. "Now to the right—three steps; it's the lamp this time." The tall brass column was swept down, but it fell without a sound. Urquhart turned for a moment to a man by his side:

"Rather good that, Alston—eh?" he asked with a gleam of satisfaction. The man nodded. The grimness of the struggle was intensified by its utter silence. Then Urquhart's voice broke out again, directing: "Penton, force him back again—towards the couch. Lansdell, you must yield a bit—that's better—try for his throat. Now, quick, the pistol, Penton." The Burglar freed a hand and slipped it swiftly to his side. A revolver flashed in the electric light for an instant, and a shot rang through the room.

Max Urquhart gave a chuckle of delight.

"See the notion?" he cried eagerly to his watching companion.

"The only sound in the show—get a big effect that way—there's not going to be so much as a creak besides on the night."

Then he began to jerk out directions once more, interspersed with hasty asides and explanations to Alston, the solitary spectator.

"Work faster, Penton, but don't forget his weight. No, Lansdell, lie log-heavy; but help a little if you can as he lifts you from the knees. Now—up—up—s—s—sh!—not a sound, mind. Let your neck go, Lansdell—that's better—back on to the couch—sit him well into the corner—ah, that's the idea! Remember, they've got to take him for the living thing at first. Stiffen a wee bit, Lansdell—keep your eyes fixed. Cram on his hat, Penton—the pistol next—No, confound it, man, a chap doesn't shoot himself left-handed! That's more the thing—good—quite good! Now, Penton, exit by the window. Try and go in a sort of shadowy way. Stop: don't turn your head; *listen with your shoulders*. On—draw back the curtains—don't forget the moon's going to play in like the dickens on the night. Up with the window—curse the noise—swing your face round—smart—tableau!"

With a laugh Max Urquhart turned to where Alston stood looking on with a critical smile.

"That's going to take 'em rather by storm, don't you think?" Urquhart asked with a satisfied air. "These burglar shows are all the go now, and as Lady Tollsburys running a couple of gauzy dances—truly classical and severely transparent, of course—each side, it ought to make a pretty filling sandwich; and there's meat in this—eh—rather!"

Alston had begun to arrange a camera on its stand with all the pride of a full amateur.

"Oh, I dare say it'll go down all right," he said tolerantly; "but look here, Max, if I'm going to make a picture, I can hardly do it if Penton keeps that kind of make-up on."

The Burglar came forward, looking hot and rather aggressive.

"What's the matter with my make-up?" he asked, feeling his chin carefully.

"Oh, it's simply rotten," Alston answered quietly, going on with his preparations. "If I take you as you are, you'll come

out like a coal-man with small-pox, or an advertisement for removing facial blemishes."

Harold Lansdell, who was endeavouring to settle his clothes straight, chuckled.

"It's all very well for you, Penton," he said; "yours is a dirty part, but it's no reason why you should smear the whole place with the stuff, and you've left a cart-load of it on my shirt, confound you!"

"Of course, if you'd both like me to play in kid gloves and face-powder," Penton began, but Urquhart interrupted.

"For heaven's sake, you chaps, don't get short," he cried, standing with a worried managerial straddle. "There's a lot to see about yet. Keep yourself just as you are, Lansdell; I'm going to ask Lady Tollsburys up to see this tableau to-night. Of course she's left everything to me; but, as it's her show, don't you know—"

"You can give the whole business away as far as I'm concerned," Penton sneered, as he examined his streaked countenance in a mirror.

"Perhaps Lansdell would like you to extend the invitation to Miss Vaine, Urquhart, as his is such a particularly jolly part," laughed Alston.

Lansdell flushed, and turned on him with a touch of annoyance. "I tell you one thing," he said quickly; "you're rather bad form at times, Alston; and, Max, I hope you won't think of doing anything of the kind. I'm not over-keen on making an ass of myself as it is."

"Look here," exclaimed Urquhart, throwing up his hands appealingly, "if anyone does get long ears over the business it's going to be me, if we don't rush things along. How about these photographs, Alston? I suppose you can fix them up in less than a shake?"

Alston smiled from the superior height of the amateur.

"I could," he said confidently, "but I'm not going to. A flash gives hard shadows; but with three minutes in this light I can get a picture—values, gradations."

Lansdell groaned.

"And I've got to sit and gaze at that beastly machine for three minutes?"

"My dear chap, it's nothing if you concentrate your mind on the effort."

Alston moved his camera into position.

"As far as I'm concerned," said Penton decisively, "I refuse to be fooled about."

"You won't be asked to yet," said Alston soothingly from the folds of velvet under which he had thrust his head. "I'll get Lansdell through first while you run and tone yourself down a bit. You've got to sacrifice complexion somehow. What do you say, Urquhart?"

"Yes, there's a good man; Alston's quite right," Urquhart urged, already busily assisting the Burglar's victim to take up his ghastly pose again on the couch, settling the pistol and arranging the opera-hat at a jaunty angle that gave a particularly grim finish to the crumpled figure. "How's that?" he cried at last, standing on one side and glancing in the direction of the camera.

"Ripping!" came a muffled voice; "just open your eyes a shade wider, Lansdell. Whoa! that's exactly right. Now, when I say 'Ready,' hold still for all you're worth. Don't blink if you hear the crack of doom, and don't move a muscle if you see the ghosts of all your ancestors come out and invite you to a boxing-match."

Alston began to give the final touches to the camera.

"Come on, Penton," Urquhart called out, moving towards the door, "we'll go and get Lady Tollsburys to come up and see what she thinks of this little hair-raiser. Hurry up, Alston, and we'll wait for you."

A stiff voice called "Max!" from the back of the room.

"Halloa," answered Urquhart, crossing to the couch, and going close to the still form; "what's the matter now, Harold?"

[Continued overleaf.]

"'ARRY," BY PHIL.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY THE LATE PHIL MAY: A LONDON TYPE.

Over a hundred sketches by Phil May are now on view in the Leicester Galleries. A number of these are drawings made for his own publication, "Phil May's Annual," and for "The Sketch."

Lansdell's eyes moved round so that he could see Urquhart's face. "Look here, old man," he said in a tone which could not reach the others, "you understand what I mean about Marjorie—Miss Vaine? She's rather a sensitive sort of girl, don't you know, and I'd rather she didn't come and see me until I've prepared the way a bit. It might be a little—well, you understand what I mean?"

Urquhart laughed good-humouredly. "Oh, that'll be all right, old chap—I was an engaged man once myself, and, though blighted, I'm still sympathetic; besides, I told you only Lady Tollsberry's coming; no one else in the house is to be in the secret till to-morrow night. For goodness' sake keep quiet now, or Alston will have a fit."

Urquhart joined Penton at the door again. Alston set the shutter of his camera.

"Now, then, I'm ready," he called briskly. "Right!" He pressed the bulb of the shutter, and a faint click sounded. The three men glanced over at the rigid figure on the couch; then they went out, closing the door softly behind them.

The room was profoundly still; not a sound from any part of the great house could be heard. The bright light from the lamps shone upon the set face on the couch—its eyes staring, its limbs, it seemed, stiff and lifeless. A beam flashed on the barrel of the pistol which hung gripped in the white fingers. In the centre of the room was the camera, its lens pointed towards the stark body. On either side of the wide-open window, with the black night beyond, the curtains fluttered gently. It was a strange, chilling scene. The silence, with the living man in his pose of death, was forbidding.

Moments passed. Once, from far away, came the echo of a silvery thread of laughter. The silence hushed it. Suddenly a dark, panelled inner door of the room began to move slowly, and without sound. Inch by inch it opened inwards; then into the light slid, stealthily and noiselessly, a man; short, gaunt, clothed in black. Above his flat, white face he wore a tight cap, and a long, soft bag was held close to his side. He stood for a moment while his narrow eyes travelled cautiously round the room until they came to where Lansdell lay propped against the wall. Then all at once his shoulders seemed to shrink away, and his free hand went up to his face. He stared motionless at the thing he gazed upon, while the seconds passed; at last, with queer, stealthy steps, he began to approach the couch. Lansdell was still staring before him with unquivering lids. The next moment he must have seen the creeping figure now close to his side, for with a sharp, startled cry he sprang up. The pistol was still in his hand, but before he could use it the man darted forward and dealt a crushing blow. For an instant Lansdell staggered; then with a groan he fell back, limp and still, upon the couch. Without stopping to glance at his victim, the man stole swiftly to the open window. There he paused, turned his head for an instant, vaulted lightly on to the sill, and vanished. The rustling of tearing ivy was heard for a second or two; then once more nothing broke silence in the big room.

Presently, down the corridor, came the sound of voices talking gaily, a woman's laughing tones above the rest. At the door there was a pause, and the voices were reduced to whispers. Alston entered first, alone, a look of expectant interest on his face. He tiptoed his way to the camera. Then, as his glance shot across the room, an exclamation broke from his lips.

"Why confound it, Lansdell," he shouted, "you've spoilt the plate!" Max Urquhart and Penton came hurrying in, followed by Lady Tollsberry. "I say, Urquhart," Alston went on noisily, "what on earth's the good of taking all this trouble when Lansdell ruins the whole thing by playing the fool? Look at that."

Urquhart followed Alston's scornful finger and saw a limp, huddled figure on the couch. For a moment his face expressed annoyance; then he turned to Lady Tollsberry with a laugh. "This is altogether a new version," he said, "and it's not my idea at all. Come on Lansdell, it won't do a bit, and I want to arrange the tableau for Lady Tollsberry—buck up, man."

A low groan came from the huddled form; and it stirred with a feeble effort. Lady Tollsberry did not see the sudden, startled drop of Urquhart's features. "I thought this was a pantomime," she said, her eyebrows raised inquiringly. The man by her side did not answer. The sound from the couch—something he saw, suddenly sent him forward with short, quick steps. He bent down, and a cry escaped him. In a moment Penton was by his side, leaning over the body. Urquhart was passing his hands down it with rapid, tender touches. "How can this have happened, Penton?" he said unevenly; "it's terrible—quick, something must be done at once!"

As he spoke, there came a sudden rapping at the door, and a high, girlish voice calling, "Let me in, please—I'm not going to be kept out. I want to see—Mr. Urquhart—Lady Tollsberry!"

Urquhart turned a white face to where Lady Tollsberry stood, pale and wondering. "It's Marjorie Vaine," he said in a choking whisper. "For heaven's sake, keep her out, Lady Tollsberry—there's been an accident."

Before she could move, the door opened, and, with a triumphant laugh, the girl burst in. She came to a stop in the middle of the room. She saw Penton, in his grim burglar's clothes and crape mask, raising Lansdell's head on his arm. "Harold," she cried, with a little shriek of alarm, "don't do it—it's horrible. Harold, I don't like it!"

Urquhart sprang to his feet and went towards her. "Miss Vaine," he said, mastering his voice, "I really can't allow you in here. This is a rehearsal, and we're just—just going to arrange a photograph."

The girl tried to push past him. "Harold—Harold!" she called.

Urquhart caught her arm.

"It's no use," he went on, pulling her gently back; players mayn't speak." He gave a laugh that was a ghastly effort. "Don't you know this is a dumb-show, Miss Vaine, and I'm manager here? Lady Tollsberry, please." The woman saw the entreaty on his face. Between them they got the pleading, protesting girl out of the room. Urquhart could hear her calling back angrily as he turned the key in the door. His face was drawn from the effort he had gone through. He went towards the kneeling figure by the couch, unsteadily. Penton had torn off his mask and

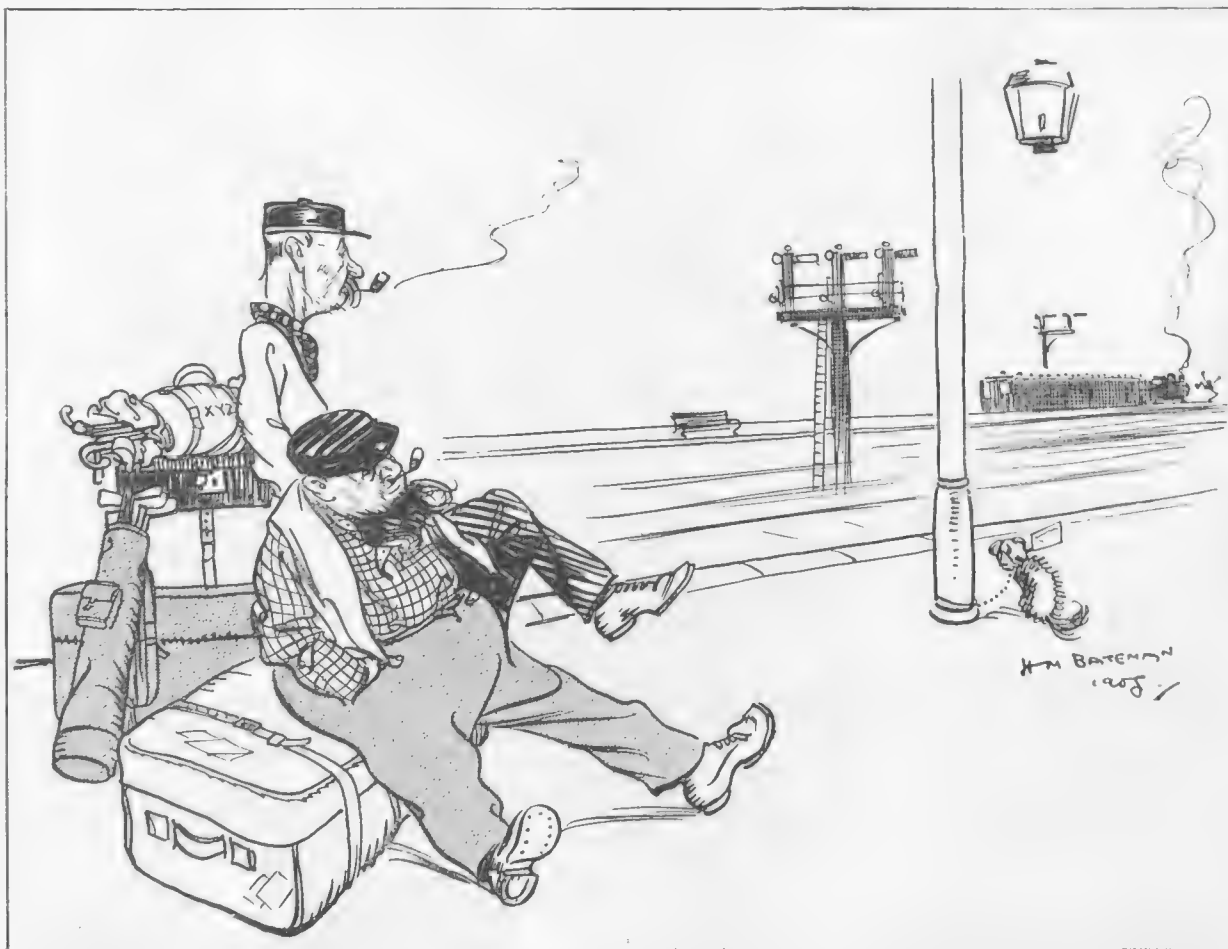
was gazing intently upon the livid face before him. Suddenly he stumbled up, an expression of utter horror working upon his features.

"Urquhart—quick!" he gasped with an indrawn breath.

Urquhart strode forward and bent over the motionless body of Lansdell for a few silent seconds, then he rose with frozen limbs.

"Good God!" he cried with a breaking voice. "Alston, it's too late!"

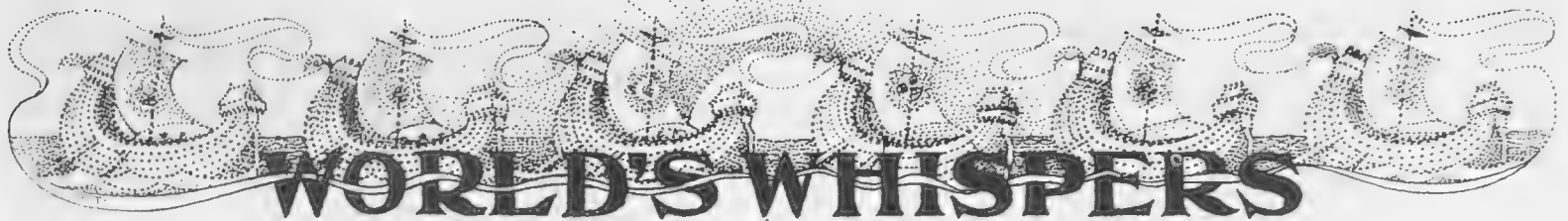
THE END.



SUNDAY TRAFFIC—ON A BRANCH LINE.

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

THE PORTER'S FRIEND: What's that train that's been standing in the siding all day?
THE PORTER: Oh, only fish and actors.



WORLD'S WHISPERS

MARRIAGE is notoriously infectious in families; Miss Viola Taylor had hardly taken to herself for husband that distinguished naval officer, Commander Troubridge, that the engagement of her sister, Miss Una Taylor, was announced. Granddaughters of Sir Henry Taylor, author of "Philip van Artevelde," and great-grandchildren of the first Lord Montague, Mrs. Troubridge and the future Mrs. Woods have each achieved something on their own account to make good their descent—the first by her sculpture, as exhibited in the Academy; the second by her verses, which have already appeared in afternoon newspapers, and are now, like herself, about to be "booked." Mr. Woods is the son of the Master of the Temple, and has literature in the blood, from his mother, the author of "A Village Tragedy." He is something of a politician, and has been chosen by "the Party" to oppose Mr. Birrell in Bristol at the next Election. He is the sort of politician, too, who will put up a good fight for what he believes to be the good

patronage ready for charities for dumb animals that can never be secured for blind children. But lap-dogs, like Governments, may be



THE HON. MRS. LYNDBURST BRUCE, FORMERLY MISS CAMILLA CLIFFORD: HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

It will be remembered that the marriage between Camilla Antoinette, daughter of the late Reynold Clifford, and Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, eldest son of Baron Aberdare, took place in 1906. Mr. Bruce, who was born in May 1881, is a Captain in the third battalion of Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment).

ousted. The list of patrons is overpowering, but it is also somewhat elderly, and it has been observed by one peeress of fewer years and more discretion that the serious charities have all the youth and good looks on their side. The new school of charitable Duchesses is to give its pats, and perhaps its lap, as before, to the dog, but its pennies to the poor.

A Bygone Bravery. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have looked on at a wedding for the first time as experts. The sensation was a new and strange one. They had not found their own ceremony too oppressive; but, after observing critically the tying of the knot

between Mr. Felix Cassel and Lady Helen Grimston, they left Hanover Square congratulating each other on the courage they had displayed three months ago at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Notes on Votes for Women.

If Miss Ellen Terry, who says she has much sympathy with the cause, does no practical work for Women's Suffrage, let it be remembered that she is an obedient wife. Many an intended processionist has stayed at home when her less encumbered sisters have been a-marching. Often she fills in her time at home by writing her husband's speeches, if he has any; and, like Barrie's Mrs. Shand, pretending not to. Marital authority sometimes works both ways; and Lady Jersey finds her Anti-Suffrage crusade crippled considerably by interdictions. Mrs. Asquith is believed by her friends to be willing to march, speak, or take arms to quell the revolt of the Suffragettes, and yet some guessed-at influence makes her a most discreet Prime Minister's wife. Mrs. Asquith has



A GREAT LIBERAL HOSTESS: MRS. GODFREY BENSON.

Mrs. Godfrey Benson belongs to the inner ring of Liberal society. She entertains Mr. Asquith's followers in magnificent fashion, and her beautiful house, filled with art treasures, the result of many years' patient collecting on the Continent, makes an ideal background for such a great reception as that which took place there early in the present month. Née Miss Mundella, Mrs. Benson was born in the political purple, and she is on terms of intimate friendship with all the leaders of the party.

Photograph by Swaine.

cause, and his opponents will do well to be early astir if they wish to confound his politics.

The Dog and the Duchess. The dog has taken its place in the laps of the gods—and the

Duchesses. The Duchess of Marlborough and her Grace of Sutherland may relieve the distresses of prisoners' wives; the Duchess of St. Albans may open the Church Army Relief Depot; Princess Löwenstein-Wertheim may stir Mayfair on behalf of the Children's Ophthalmic Hospital, and countless other ladies may do countless other charities; but there is greater stir in the dog world. The overpowering list of ladies connected with the dance to be given on New Year's Day for the benefit of the National Canine Defence League shows a wealth of high



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND HIS DECORATED DOG.

The Prussian Royal Society for Saving Life recently awarded a special medal to the German Crown Prince's collie Bruno, which jumped into the Spree and saved the life of a workman.



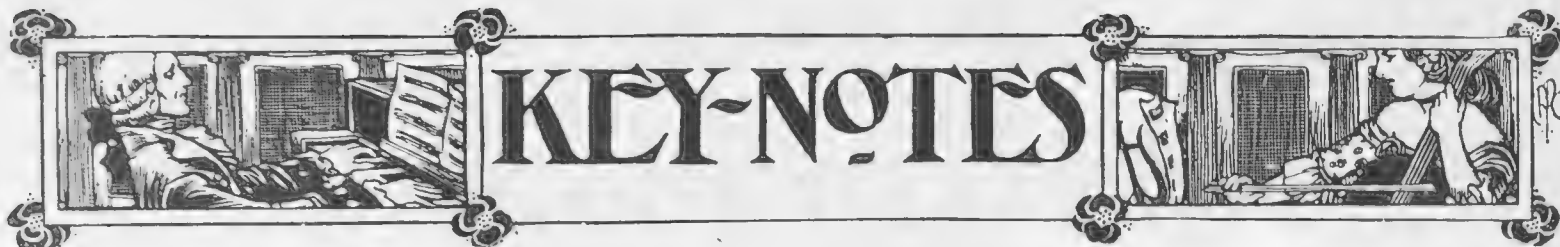
A SCOTTISH-AMERICAN HOSTESS: MRS. DAVID BEATTIE.

Among the many beautiful and clever American women who have made their home in this country, few have obtained a greater social success in a short time than Mrs. David Beattie. She is a daughter of the great American millionaire, Marshall Field; and the charming young widow whose romantic marriage took place the other day is her sister-in-law. Captain David Beattie has been of late the King's nearest neighbour at Balmoral, and he and Mrs. Beattie have entertained the Sovereign on the fine shooting they lease from Mr. Alec Farquharson.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

had peculiar provocation to anger. She has received, from some irresponsible person using the name of the cause, letters threatening her family with violence.

Women's Voices. It is indeed a civil war that rages about us; and, were it not that many of the Amazons are very secret in their antagonisms, the consequences might well be alarming. Mme. Melba's sympathies are with the tribe of Isabelles; and one ardent admirer, who marked his appreciation of a great voice by the purchase of a hundred tickets for her farewell concert, is greatly chagrined on being informed that his cheque was promptly handed to the fund for promoting a cause he detests. The news of Mme. Tetrazzini's adherence to Mrs. Humphry Ward's banner is hourly expected.



IT is always a pleasure to see the Queen's Hall well filled when a concert is given for the benefit of Mr. Robert Newman, for few men have deserved better of music-lovers. He has

laboured, often with more industry than success, to establish high-class work on a paying basis, and in the years when he started upon his task it may be doubted whether London could compete with Sydenham in the quality of orchestral concerts. Ysaÿe was one of Mr. Newman's favourite artists in the days when the British public was slow to recognise the violinist's extraordinary gifts, and now that he has conquered London, as he has conquered the rest of the civilised world, Ysaÿe has remembered the early days, and came from Brussels to London to play at his old manager's benefit concert. With the special attraction, and with the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Mr. Henry Wood in some of the most popular numbers of the repertory, the success of the benefit concert was assured. There is no need to refer in detail to the performance; suffice it that Ysaÿe's interpretation of the familiar concerto by Corelli was supremely beautiful. It is hard to think of any one of Ysaÿe's contemporaries who could have interpreted the music with equal beauty of tone, equal delicacy of treatment, or equal regard for the season in which the work was written.

history of music tells us that the infant prodigy may be expected at any time, but we can never tell whether the promise of youth will develop. The future training of this young musician must be a matter of very serious consideration for his parents or guardians, since, if he can progress along the lines he is following, he will be a genius before he is a man. If, on the other hand, his progress is hindered, or his training is conducted on lines that do not bring out what is best in him; he will be added to the very considerable number of those whose youthful promise has not been fulfilled.

The first of the Philharmonic Society's concerts was remarkable for the suggestion of energy and vitality in the interpretation of work that was for the most part familiar. Mr. Henry Wood conducted. For some reason the Domestic Symphony of Strauss was not given; perhaps members of the Philharmonic Society cannot yet face the music of this strange composer with equanimity. In place of the symphony, Beethoven's Seventh was given, and it would certainly have been more welcome had it not been played in the same place only three nights before. Kubelik was the soloist, and he fell into the error that spoils the work of so many of our violinists, young and old—he chose for performance Paganini's Concerto in D. It is said that this objectionable work was given

A BOY PIANIST WHO HAS COMPOSED 300 WORKS: MASTER GEORG SZELL.

Master Georg Szell, who appeared at the Albert Hall as a pianist the other day, has composed no fewer than three hundred works, including a comic opera, "Kleine Roland."

Photograph by Schofer.

A SINGER WHO IS MEETING WITH MUCH SUCCESS: MISS GERTRUDE HERD.

Miss Herd, who is twenty-one, and an Aberdonian, has been singing in London and the provinces for some eighteen months, with a good deal of success. She is an ex-student of the R.A.M.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

the music with equal beauty of tone, equal delicacy of treatment, or equal regard for the season in which the work was written.

Miss Aimée Nugent, who gave an entertainment at the Steinway Hall recently, is one of a growing company of reciters who elect to have a musical accompaniment. In such cases the tone-colour is apt to be transferred from the voice to the accompanying instrument, with results that vary with the discretion of the player and the choice of the music. Miss Nugent, whose talent is considerable, was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mann.

A new musical prodigy has arisen. George Szell, who made his first appearance at one of the Albert Hall Sunday concerts, is said to be eleven years old. The London Symphony Orchestra played an overture from his pen, and it proved to be a work fresh in theme and clear in treatment, such a composition as a capable musician of middle age might write with satisfaction. This work is said to be no more than one of many that George Szell has already written, for he was a composer before he had celebrated his seventh birthday. Later in the afternoon, this very young musician displayed his capacity as a pianist, and played Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante" in fashion that would have been quite satisfactory had he been an adult, and was startling coming from a lad whose fingers might be supposed to be too weak to give full tone to any but the simplest passages. The

by request, but surely there was no excuse for granting a request that must be founded upon a liking for what is the tawdry side of the violinist's art. Those who regarded the Philharmonic Society as an association nearly a hundred years old, and considerably more than a hundred years behind the times, may be asked to reconsider their opinions. The directors are developing a progressive policy, and if the pace of that development is slow, it should be remembered that their members are the most conservative body in musical England.

Busoni has given a recital, to the great delight of his many admirers in this country. There is only one reason to regret this player's popularity, and it is found in the fact that his playing gives rise to countless bad imitations. When Busoni has finished some piece for whose sake the piano has been compelled to do the duty of a full orchestra, we are reminded of a remark that the composer of "Fra Diavolo" made at the close of a pianoforte recital: "When she rose from the piano," he said to one of his friends, "I looked to see if the keys were smoking." Happily, for all his thunder, Busoni has a fine sense of tone-gradation and of contrast; almost he succeeds in reconciling the more sensitive among his audience to methods that are so often violent. COMMON CHORD.



Miss Pauline. Miss Hazel. Miss Ethel. Miss Clara Butt.

FOUR SINGING SISTERS: MME. CLARA BUTT AND HER THREE SISTERS, THE MISSES PAULINE, HAZEL, AND ETHEL HOOK.

Mme. Clara Butt arranged that at the concert given by herself and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, at the Albert Hall last Friday, she should have the assistance of her three sisters—the Misses Pauline, Ethel, and Hazel Hook. The first two have appeared with Mme. Butt on several occasions; but Miss Hazel Hook made her debut last Friday. The most interesting feature of the programme was the performance by the famous contralto and her sisters of a new quartet, "The Birth of the Flowers," which was specially composed for them by Mme. Liza Lehmann.—(Photograph by Ellis and Watery.)

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Very Human Woman.

luck to meet with. Our author, like other sensible women, does not belong to the Anti-Man party, nor does she belittle the claims of the home, of children, and of the base cravings of the husband after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Indeed, one of the most diverting chapters of the book is the one in which Lady Grove agrees, with Kaiser Wilhelm II., that Woman's activity is indissolubly connected with the three K's: "Kinder, Küche, and Kirche." She finds in these three departments of human life three of the knottiest problems that thoughtful persons can set out to unravel, and roundly asserts that if women would accept their responsibility in religion, the care of children, and the feeding of the race, "the world's work would be revolutionised and the world itself become 'on earth as it is in heaven.'"

But a preoccupation with these three important things does not preclude a woman from enjoying the privileges of English citizenship; rather the contrary. For her to effect her best in religion, education, and scientific feeding, it is obvious to all but the most prejudiced that she should enjoy the same education, the same liberties, and exercise the same power as her husband, brother, and son.

The Time to Work.

The old quip that it is better to be born beautiful than good would seem to have little meaning nowadays, for though only a select few are beautiful at birth (or soon after) it is manifest that there are hardly any really ugly women about, no middle-aged ones, and a very small number of old. Indeed, if Old-Age Pensions applied to the upper classes, I doubt if there would be any applicants, at any rate on the spindle side. As Judge Willis has recently laid down the dictum that "a man is no good for work until he is fifty," we may be sure that some feminine sage will presently discover that no woman is really dangerous to the peace of mind of her male contemporaries until she is rising forty-five. It would, indeed, be an ideal world in which one could play for the first half of one's life (the time when you enjoy playing), and work for the last half—the time when pleasure, for various reasons, has become *fade* and distasteful. It is monstrous, on the face of it, that children should be made to waste the golden years in poring over books and acquiring useless knowledge, when they have all the sad years from fifty to eighty when they can transform themselves into bookworms and become

well-informed persons. It ought, in short, to be a penal offence to be found earning your living in the jocund twenties, and a disgrace to your youth to do anything but gather the rosebuds until you are nearing middle age.

London Sans Gêne.

Nothing is more characteristic of certain modern tendencies than our happy-go-lucky manners, our shaking off of formality, of etiquette, of all the ritual, in short, which once made Society so tiresome. So boring, indeed, was this ritual that people of individuality often ended by retiring from what was known as "general society." It was Lord Houghton who, with his pretty wit, declared that, to be truly happy, one should be known by everybody and know nobody; be asked everywhere and go nowhere. The modern hostess, more far-seeing than her predecessor of Victorian times, sees that the only way to get people to her house is to let them do as they like when they are there. Hence, universal smoking, upstairs and down; cards at untoward hours, and an amazing absence of formality at all kinds of entertainments. A man, for instance, never offers his arm to a woman, except at the sacrosanct ceremony of the formal dinner-party; young folks go ambling downstairs to supper side by side, and the days are long past when guests at luncheon-parties were sent in two by two, like animals entering the Ark. Very old-fashioned married couples, a few years ago, still made their entry at an evening party arm-in-arm, a proceeding which had the quaintest effect, and roused the ill-suppressed giggles of the younger generation. But it is a question whether the rope has not got just a trifle slack, and if London *sans gène* is quite as delightful for its womenkind—who should be, after all, the real arbiters of its social destinies—as it was ten years ago.



AN EARLY-WINTER HAT.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

The Revival of the Black Art.

It is curious that two novelists, a Dutchman and an Englishman—the late J. K. Huysmans and the late Bulwer-Lytton—were both past-masters in knowledge of the Black Art, and now comes another writer, Mr. William Somerset Maugham, with a romance of the uncanny called "The Magician." It is to be hoped that this new excursion into the mysteries of the crucible will not set the fashion for dabbling in the creation of monsters. It is all very well to manufacture sylphs and minute fairies, as was the amiable habit of mediæval sorcerers, but the squirming imitations of human beings which figure in Mr. Maugham's story would be anything but agreeable to encounter on a dark night. And so strong a hold have the occult and the forbidden on the twentieth-century imagination, that I should not be surprised to hear that quite a number of ingenious and imaginative young gentlemen were seriously setting up laboratories and essaying their prentice hand on Man.

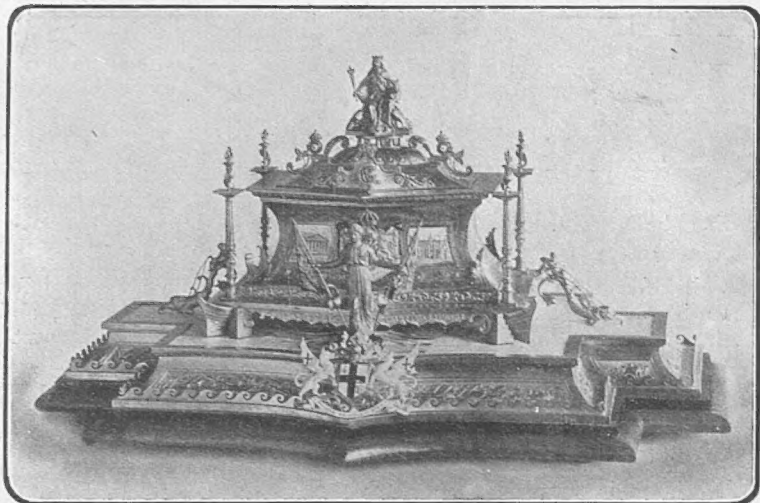
A SMART COAT OF PERSIAN LAMB OR BROADTAIL.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

When they can transform themselves into bookworms and become

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

LAST week we were occupied with royalty at Windsor, and weddings in town. The King and Queen of Sweden's stay apparently delighted their Majesties. The King was here for the



THE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KING OF SWEDEN BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

In conception and workmanship the casket appears as a fine expression of the goldsmith's art, such as may always with certainty be expected in the productions of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, W.

first time, as Crown Prince, when he visited these shores for the wedding of his eldest son to Princess Margaret of Connaught, but was not accompanied then by his wife. Her Majesty is far from strong, and seldom spends a winter in the North. She is a very clever artist, paints charmingly, and, had she not been a Princess, would have made her name as a painter. The German Emperor is her first cousin—her mother was the Emperor Frederick's sister. The pictures in Windsor Castle were, I am told, a joy to her. The State banquets were wonderful sights. The gold plate and pink roses formed a remarkably imposing and beautiful table-decoration, and the uniforms of the gentlemen and dresses and jewels of the ladies made a magnificent display. Mrs. Winston Churchill attended her first State Banquet. She was dressed in black, with quantities of jet, the gown itself being made of soft and clinging crêpe-de-Chine. A large diamond star gleamed in the folds of the bodice, and a high diamond hair-ornament was worn. She travelled down to Windsor by special train.

There were a number of Sir Ernest Cassel's friends at the wedding of his nephew to Lady Helen Grimston. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester was there, and it was the first wedding she had attended since her mother's death. She was in black velvet and fur, and wore a black-feather turban and fluffy-like fur, with black ostrich-plumes at one side. The three-quarter-length chinchilla coat worn by Mrs. George Keppel was a beauty. The picked skins were so arranged that the dark shading showed like bands down the garment and down the coat-sleeves. A turban-shaped toque of wildfowl-blue fluffy feathers was finished with a panache of curled ospreys of the same colour at one side. Lady Sarah Wilson wore a brown-fur coat and a Bulgarian bowl-shaped toque of similar fur, with a few blue-grey quills drawn jauntily across the front, through a knot of pale-blue ribbon. It was very smart. Lady Colebrooke wore a similar-shaped toque of smoke-grey feathers cut to resemble fur, with a blue-grey rosette of velvet at one side. The King sent the bridegroom a double silver ink-stand, and Sir Ernest Cassel gave his niece-in-law a long rope of superb pearls, worth, perhaps £40,000 or more—a nice little wedding-gift!

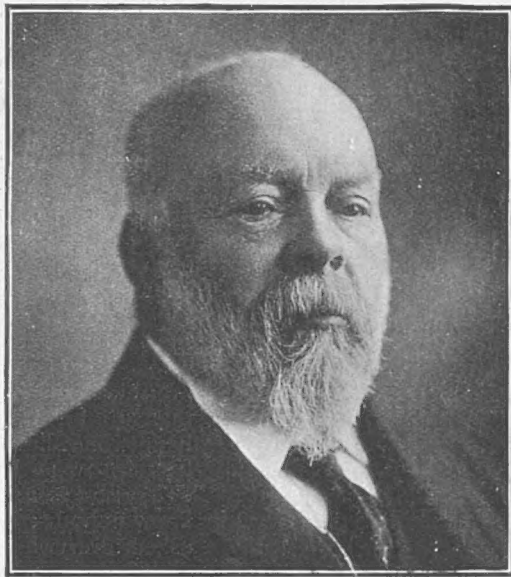
The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, who came over to see his uncle and heir-presumptive, Prince Christian, who was ill, has himself been attacked by bronchitis with fever. He is accompanied on his visit by his wife, who is greatly his junior, and is the daughter of Prince Philip of Coburg and his wife, now Princess Louise of Belgium. The Duchess is also niece to the Tsar of the Bulgarians, or Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, as may be arranged later on. Prince Christian's recovery is slow, but there is every reason to believe it sure.

There is no doubt about the success of the clingingly simple, semi-classical, and semi-Directoire gown. On every side we see it worn, and recognise how becoming it is to slight figures, whether

they be long or short. There are so many ways of arranging the draperies that all curves can be pleasantly indicated. The extreme of the fashion, with the skirts open or unduly tight, is seen only in light opera. Attempts to introduce such extremes for ordinary wear were frowned down from exalted quarters. Lady Helen Grimston's grown-up bridesmaids' dresses were of the Directory period, very prettily adapted to modern ideas, and were most successful.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a long, smartly cut coat of Persian lamb or broadtail (the former fur wears best; the latter is more becoming to the figure), trimmed with silk braid. There is a sketch also of a smart early-winter hat in felt or satin, trimmed with feathers.

Cairo promises to be very gay this winter, and a number of smart people are going there. Mr. Felix Cassel has taken his bride to Egypt. I believe they are going up the Nile. Sir Ernest Cassel has rendered such valuable services to Egypt that his nephew is sure to have a good time there. Major d'Arcy Legard, who married Lord Liverpool's half-sister last week, also started off with his bride en route for Cairo. Numbers of white coats and skirts are being made for the Egyptian winter. White is not much worn here now, except in ermine. One coat and skirt of white cloth, trimmed with braid, I saw on a recent dull day. It looked incongruous; white seems to demand sunshine to look its best in. The new furry hats, whether they be really of fur, or of feather to look like it, are very smart, and suit our women remarkably well. Not for many years has fur been in such favour for headgear. The young Duke of Leinster is also going to Cairo, and is to spend the winter out of England, as he is not robust. There is little doubt that, popular as Cairo is and Monte Carlo has been with smart people, a number now turn their faces to the sun and snows of Switzerland, where there are fresh air and exercise, so greatly beloved of the healthy British man and maid.



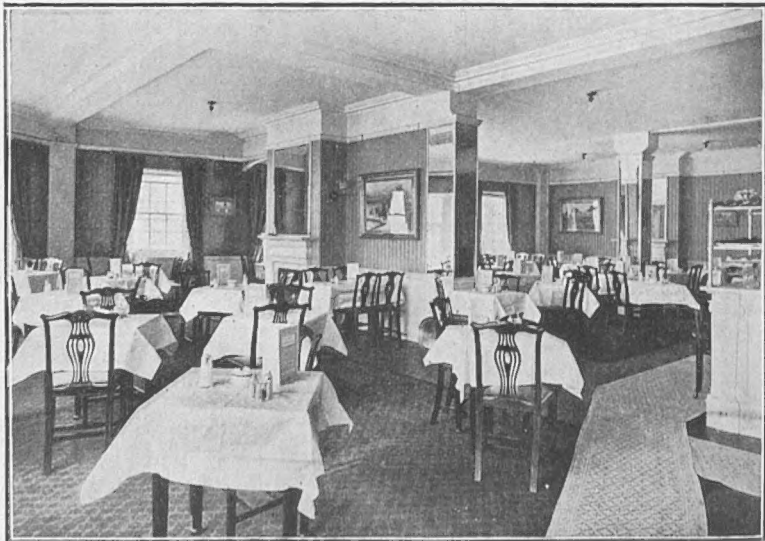
KNIGHTED ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY:
SIR THOMAS BARCLAY.

Sir Thomas is one of the best-known citizens of Birmingham, and has done much public-spirited and philanthropic work in that city.

The forthcoming marriage of Miss Evelyn Alexander and Mr. Claud Sykes is of interest to Irish people, for the bride is a daughter of Mr. and Lady Emily Alexander, and a niece of Lord Cork. Her future husband is in the Grenadier Guards, and he only celebrated his majority quite recently on his beautiful property, West Ella, near Hull.

Lady Alix Egerton, the talented daughter of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, has won golden opinions in Edinburgh, where the charming masque written by her, and first acted last year at Stafford House, has just been performed with great success. Lady Alix is not only a writer, she is also a good artist, and has studied painting very seriously. She is an excellent stage-manager, and designed the costumes worn in her masque.

The producing committee of the English Play Society held its inaugural meeting the other day, and then decided upon two good plays, which the society expects to perform very shortly before its members and the public generally. Authors and others wishing to become members should write for particulars to Mr. Lyddell Sawyer, the Hon. Manager, 153, Maida Vale, London, W.



MESSRS. LIPTON'S NEW ENTERPRISE: IN THE COMPANY'S NEW TEA-ROOM IN KINGSWAY.

Messrs. Lipton are adding to their enterprises by opening a series of tea-rooms. The first of these has been inaugurated next to the Holborn Tube Station, at the top of Kingsway. The greatest care is taken to please customers, and the prices charged are moderate.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 9.

THE BANK RETURN AND THE MARKETS.

THE changes in the Bank Return were fairly substantial this week, although no alteration was made in the official minimum, while the reserve was increased by nearly half a million, and now stands at nearly 26 millions, as against under 20 millions at the same time last year, but in the net result there is a slight drop in the proportion of reserve to liabilities.

During the last few days several high-class issues, such as the Natal $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Loan and the Japanese Industries Bank Loan, have proved brilliant successes, and there is no doubt that we shall see many more of a good stamp during the next few weeks. This is not to be wondered at when we find money begging to be borrowed at $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. and the Banks not caring whether you leave it with them even for such a beggarly remuneration. People are being driven to invest, although, after the experiences of the last few years, many would prefer to deposit their cash if they could get even reasonable rates.

It is generally thought that the foreign relations of the various Powers in Europe are improving, and the political situation is looked upon with less keen anxiety than it was a few weeks ago. If nothing unusual happens and our friend the Kaiser keeps his promises to the German people, there should be a gradual firming up among both investment and speculative stocks, with a gradual enlargement of the area of business.

AN INDUSTRIAL MIXTURE.

Rather an unnecessary fall is taking place in Eastern Telegraph stock and Eastern Extension shares upon the proposals to establish penny-a-word cablegrams. The consummation of this ideal must be many years ahead. If Eastern Extensions should slip back to anything under $11\frac{3}{4}$, they will be well worth picking up as a sound 6 per cent. investment.

Refreshment descriptions are not at all happy, the reduction in the Slater's dividend being only less unkind than the more severe drop in the Aerated Bread distribution. Lyons, of course, have declared the now usual 25 per cent. interim dividend, but the shares eased off a little.

There is a good deal doing in the Armament list, with a bit of a bull account in Vickers, which accounts for the recent movements. The shares can be kept without much anxiety. Rubber varieties continue to display elasticity: an outside tip went round to buy Kepitagallas, shares which are far from popular in the Stock Exchange. Motor shares have dropped out of favour again, and James Nelsons came down to under a pound. The market for both things might be watched for good opportunities to pick up cheap shares.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I don't know whether any of you have noticed——"

"I did, Brokie, and I can't help saying what an improvement a really clean shave——"

"Oh, shut up, worse than fool! I don't know if any of you have observed that the end of November very often brings a good deal of financial unrest in the markets of the world."

"Where did you read that?" asked The City Editor blandly.

"I didn't read it," was the indignant reply. "I——"

"Our friend's observation appears to me well founded upon experience and memory," said The always pacific Banker. "The present period seems to offer no exception to the general rule."

"Will the Bank Rate rise?" inquired The Engineer.

"If it does, I fear there will be more financial—what was it?—unrest in the markets of the world," observed The Jobber with much gravity.

"There is little fear of a rise in the Rate," replied The City Editor; "but even were one to take place it wouldn't make much difference to markets."

"I verily believe, from all I can hear, that trade throughout the country shows slight signs of mending," The Merchant contributed.

"Only a Tariff Reformer would be sorry to hear that," said The Jobber, angling for a bite, which he deservedly did not get.

The Banker deplored the millions of pounds of new issues which swamped investment markets more and more.

"Can't be helped," remarked The Jobber philosophically. "In theory, we ought to get much increased trade out of most of the money we put up for these new issues. It's not as if the cash were blown away in cartridges and shells."

"Will there be war in the Balkans?"

"Not until the spring, most people say, because the troops can't march in the rain of the winter. But even supposing war broke out——"

"It would," interrupted The Jobber, "cause much financial unrest in the mark—— Brute!" and he caressed his wounded shin tenderly.

"Practically all the effect of war is discounted," claimed The Broker, "and after the first spasms of nerves, prices would settle down quietly while the soldiers flew at each others' throats."

"Each others' pockets, more likely," averred The Engineer.

"But, speaking of improved trade, doesn't it invariably happen that good trade in the country means dull days for the Stock Exchange?"

"We have been told so often enough," groaned The Jobber.

"And it's true—a mere platitude. But the reaction after the country's splendid trade of the last few years until this one has hardly reached the Stock Exchange yet. It takes a long time to do so."

"And an equally long time for trade revival to cause dullness in your markets?" queried The Engineer.

"Very nearly as long a time, certainly."

"Getting quite interesting, isn't it?" yawned The Jobber, flinging his paper at The Broker.

"Well, entertain us with the collective wisdom of the Yankee Market on the subject of Americans," The Engineer invited him.

"Pooh! that's easy," was the reply. "Provided prices don't go up they'll go down and gambling now is very dangerous and prices are far too high and the betting is that they'll go better unless a fall occurs and mind your eye whichever way you deal and——"

Here the tipster had to stop for breath.

"I think you have summed up the situation admirably," laughed The Banker.

"It's not much use trying to dogmatise about Yankees," added The City Editor.

"I always sell a bear on a good day," observed The Engineer. "But I got caught over Unions, and there's a lot to make up," whereat he sighed.

"What's the best Kaffir buy?" asked The Merchant, creating an instant air of interest.

"The individual mines which have turned out the biggest increased profits," replied The City Editor, "are the Knight's Deep, Simmer, Rob. Central Deep, and Rob. Deep."

"Let's buy up the lot," suggested The Jobber.

"Knight's Deep and Simmers are good enough," The Engineer said. "But the Rob. Central Deep has a very short life, although, of course, it is certain to buy up more claims."

"Which are not certain to be as profitable as the present reef, though."

"I like Wolhuter and Wit. Deep," declared The Merchant. "And Kleinfontein, too."

"How about New Unified?" inquired The City Editor.

"The Company is doing well," replied The Broker. "But I shouldn't hold them too long."

"What I like is a gamble. Oh, I love a gamble and I love an onion; but they neither of them——"

"What's a goodish gamble?" demanded The Merchant.

"Boksburgs at nine or ten shillings," was The Broker's prophecy. "You must take them up."

"You can't take a thing up unless you plant it first," said The City Editor, so wittily.

The Jobber looked at him for a moment in solemn silence. Then he said that his dear brother could safely leave the planting to the promoters and just take up the shares like other donkeys did thistles.

Not a smile. 'Tis true, 'tis pity: and pity 'tis, 'tis true.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HEDER.—See "Q's" note in our issue of the 18th instant. Certainly hold, and, if you can afford a speculation, buy a few more.

H. S.—Your letter was answered on the 19th instant.

AUSTRALIAN.—Yes.

METALLURGIST.—The Kaffir Consolidated collapse certainly was due to the people in question, and is said to have been caused by the closing of their account. They are reported short of cash, and clients are being kept waiting for payment. There is no doubt they have been hard hit over American option dealings. You had better be careful.

A. H. I.—For a legal opinion as to whether the custom is reasonable, you must go to a lawyer. What your broker did is certainly according to the practically universal custom on the Stock Exchange. One of the brokers we made inquiries from was the firm you mention, of which the senior partner is on the committee.

R. E. A.—Your letter was answered on the 20th inst.

A. P.—The Rand Water stock is a first-rate security. You would slightly improve your interest by changing into Johannesburg 4 per cent. stock. The Mexican Central Railway Securities "B" Debentures are a reasonable holding. We should think San Paulo Railway Ordinary very good holding, or Rio Claro San Paulo Ordinary, and prefer either to the State Gold Bonds.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newbury Roseate Dawn may win the Autumn Handicap and Ute the November Nursery. Tetrassini should capture the Theale Plate. I fancy Cargill for the Manchester Handicap, and other selections for the Manchester Meeting are: Eglinton Nursery, Victrix; Delamere Handicap, Hammerkop; Brackley Handicap, Dutch; Flying Handicap, Peter Parley; County Handicap, Duegna; Lancashire Nursery, Dik Dik; Ellesmere Handicap, Cabul; Worsley Nursery, Reeth. The second day of the Newbury Meeting is under National Hunt rules. The following may go close: Novices' Steeplechase, Flaxseed; Berkshire Hurdle, Abelard; Reading Hurdle, Domino.

THE MERE MAN.

THE QUESTION OF LONDON TRAFFIC.

IT must be two or three years since *The Sketch* observed that the problem of London traffic, which was then preoccupying everyone's mind, would in a large measure be solved by the substitution of motor for horse-drawn traffic, and, chimerical as it no doubt seemed to most people then, the important Blue Book just issued by the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade shows that we were perfectly correct in our anticipations. Although the authors of the Blue Book do not seem to be quite contented with the state of London traffic, and hold that the need for remedies is as great as, if not greater than, it ever was, yet they have to admit that the additional facilities which have come into existence during the last three years are for the time being abreast of the requirements of the central area. That is a great and significant admission; for, considering what the block in the streets was like three or four years ago, it is a very notable achievement to have in so short a time got abreast of our requirements.

Naturally, we cannot stand still, for to stand still is to go backwards; and not the least remarkable part of the present position is that a Government office should actually realise this fact. What has been done by private and public, but especially by private, enterprise during the last few years to mitigate the crush in the streets of London is something stupendous. First of all, of course, came the "tube" railways, which, by taking people underground, have made a most notable decrease in the number of would-be passengers struggling for omnibuses and trams. In the last three years twenty-six and a half miles of "tube" railways have been opened beneath London, and as these all run under the most crowded thoroughfares and between the points to and from which all the world is hastening at one time of the day or other, it means that the crush in the streets is lessened by many thousands of people, at the very hours when the traffic is greatest. No one who remembers what the block was at Piccadilly Circus three years ago, and compares it with what it is now, can fail to be struck by the far greater ease with which the policemen manage the traffic, and with the very great lessening of the congestion at that point.

But if the "tubes" are the greatest benefactors to London traffic, the motor-drawn vehicles undoubtedly come second. Nearly two thousand motor omnibuses and cabs have been placed on the road, and they have taken the place of two thousand five hundred

horse-drawn cabs and omnibuses. Even the numbers are lessened by about five hundred, and that is accounted for by the fact that as the motor-vehicles are finished they carry the same amount of traffic in a shorter space of time, while the overplus compared with three years ago is carried by the "tube" railways. There is another point, one to which we called attention several years ago, which must also be remembered, and that is that an omnibus drawn by a pair of horses takes up more room than a motor-omnibus, and carries fewer passengers. The same thing holds good of a cab. Three hansoms take up as much room as four motor-cabs, and, besides that, move much more slowly.

Of course, the congestion of traffic was, and is, greatest in Central London, where, happily, the tram-cars have not penetrated; but in the outlying districts and suburbs the danger of congestion has been great, although, as a rule, the streets are wider in the newer parts of the town than in the central districts. But there the danger has been averted by the system of trams which now carries people out to Hampton Court and Uxbridge, to mention only two of the lines out of London. And though they do not come too close, these trams serve to lighten the traffic in London proper, for anything that takes people quickly away from the centre naturally lessens the crush in the streets. In the same short period of time, eighty miles of new electrical tramways have been opened, and more than twenty-eight miles of horse-trams have been electrified. This, which also is almost entirely the work of private enterprise, does good service by carrying people away from their work to distant suburbs in the minimum of time. The rapidity with which workers in London get to their homes in the suburbs is something marvellous.

The Report is most interesting, and is quite worth reading. The Department comes to the conclusion that while the traffic of the central area may safely be left to underground railways and omnibuses, tramway extension on a large scale, coupled with the unification of the tramway systems and the removal of obstacles to through running, seems at present to offer the best practicable means of dealing with the dense suburban traffic up to about eight or ten miles from the centre of London. This is probably the case at present, but it has the drawback that on all the tramway lines out of London the houses by the roadside are being emptied by the noise and clamour of the trams. These unwieldy and strident machines start running early in the morning, and go on until past midnight, so that the unfortunate people who took houses in a quiet road just out of London now find that they can neither read nor sleep for the noise of the trams.



In what are euphoniously described as "the good old days" Man rose at dawn, went to his labour in the fields, or engaged in the chase, and retired at sundown to enjoy a long and sound night's rest.

But present-day conditions, with their tremendous competition and consequent strain on the nervous system, have altered all this. Man has the ever-increasing

trials and worries of a professional, political or commercial career. Woman has her round of social duties, the household management, the education and care of the children, and the manifold other obligations that devolve upon her. It is now no longer an age of muscle, but of nerve. In the stress and turmoil of modern existence we continually overdraw on the bank of life, shortening the hours of sleep, and engaging in harassing work that taxes to the full the mental and nervous powers.

In a very timely and absorbingly interesting publication just issued from the press under the title of "The Twentieth Century Man," some startling facts bearing on this crucial question are set forth in plain and unequivocal terms. The writer, an experienced physician, shows, for instance, how, with the constantly increasing demands upon the vital powers, the daily nutriment no longer affords the particular nutrition for which the nerves crave.

Nature, we are told, protests against the violation of her laws, taking her revenge in insomnia, depression, overwrought nerves, and finally in nervous breakdown.

Medical men have long recognised the wants brought about by the new order of things, and the necessity for a substance that will feed at the same time the depleted body and the nervous tissues and thus make

The 20th Century Man

up for the extraordinary tax imposed on body and brain by present-day conditions. Stimulants serve only as a whip to a tired horse. What is needed to meet the extraordinary conditions of modern life is a power that will repair and make good the wear-and-tear of the bodily and nervous tissues.

In Sanatogen, the writer goes on to tell us, medical science has at length discovered a tonic food that nourishes and builds up the constitution, and that at the same time permanently tones the nervous system.

How Sanatogen operates in restoring the vitality is graphically told in "The Twentieth Century Man." To all those who are run down, weak, nervous, depressed—to the invalid and the convalescent—in fact, to every thinking person, "The Twentieth Century Man" will appeal with startling force. It conveys in the simplest language truths that should be disseminated broadcast.

The Sanatogen Co., of 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., who have acquired the copyright of this remarkable publication, will, in order to give it the widest publicity, send a copy of "The Twentieth Century Man," gratis and post free, to anyone sending name and address and mentioning this paper.

Sanatogen is the last word in scientific research for the relief of the present-day evil of run-down bodily and mental power. It is now used in the Royal Family, and readers will be interested to see from the letters reproduced here what distinguished people think of this tonic food. It can be obtained of all chemists in tins from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d.



Mr. HALL CAINE writes:

"My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion done me good."

Hall Caine

Sir JOHN HARE says:

"I have found Sanatogen a most valuable tonic and stimulant during a period when I had to work very hard under conditions of great weakness and ill-health. I can heartily recommend it to those working under similarly distressing circumstances."

John Hare

Mr. C. B. FRY, the Cricketer, writes:

"Sanatogen is an excellent Tonic Food in training, especially valuable during periods of nervous exhaustion."

C. B. Fry

Mr. MARSHALL HALL, M.P.,

the eminent K.C., writes:

"I think it only right to say that I have tried Sanatogen and find it to be a most excellent food."

Marshall Hall

Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., says:

"I have used Sanatogen with extraordinary benefit. It is to my mind a true Food Tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the overworked body and mind."

Gilbert Parker

A FEW INTERESTING LETTERS FROM
PROMINENT 20th CENTURY MEN.